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OVID'S HEROICAL Epistles.

Englished by W. S.

*Veniam pro laude peto,
—— nunc mitibus
Mutare Quaro Tristia.*



LONDON,

Printed for William Gilbertson, at the sign of the
Bible without Newgate in Gilt-
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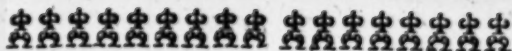
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TO THE VERTUOUS
LADIES,
AND
GENTLEWOMEN
OF
ENGLAND.



Our beauties (Ladies and Gentlewomen) are but types and shadows of the beauty of your vertuous minde, which is discerned by Noble and Courteous actions. I may therefore presume that

The Epistle.

Ovid's Heroical Epistles, chiefly translated for your sakes, shall find a gentle acceptance, suitable to your Heroical dispositions, for Courtesie and Ingenuity are the companions of Gentility. But those who claim this Title, and are degraded of it by their own vitious qualities, *Ovid* disclaims them. Vertue is an invisable gift, which is not discerned by the outward habit, but by speech and action, and a certain delectation in vertue, as Modesty, Temperance, and especially

The Epistle.

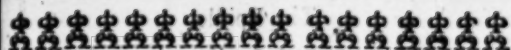
ly curtesie; to which *Ovid* doth appeal. For when *Rome* knew him famous, he was esteemed of Love and Ladies, so that he was fain to shadow the ambitious love of the Emperours daughter towards him under the vail of *Corynna*, but the Emperour saw through it, and banished him. Besides, these Epistles, in regard of their subject, have just relation to you, Ladies and Gentlewomen, being the complaint of Ladies and Gentlewomen for the absence of their Lovers; And that

The Epistle.

their sorrow may be more sensible, there is a Table prefixed, & adjoyning to the book, presenting the several Pictures of the Arguments of the Epistles. So much concerning the work, and the Author *Ovid*, now you expect a complement for the Dedication.

Ladies and Gentlewomen, since this book of *Ovid's* which most Gentlemen could read before in Latin, is for your sakes come forth in English, it doth at first address it self a Suiter, to wooe your acceptance, that it may kiss your hands, and afterward have the lines thereof in reading sweetned by the odour of your breath, while the dead letters form'd into words by your divided lips, may receive new life by your passionate expression, and the words married in that Ruby-coloured Temple, may thus happily united, multiply your contentment. And in a word let this be.

A Servant with you to the *Lady Vertue.*
Wye Saltonstall.



TO THE VERTUOUS
LADIES,
AND
GENTLEWOMEN
OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

OF all the Poets, that in verse did reign
As Monarchs, none could equal Ovid's
Especially in the affairs of Love, (Strain,
Ovid the Master of that Art did prove;
His fancies were so pleasing and so sweet,
That Love did wish no other winding sheet,
If he had mortal been, for he would die
To live again in his sweet Poesie.
When he intended to inflame the mind,
Or shew how Lovers proved too unkind,
As in these Epistles, where Ladies bemoan
Themselves, when their unkind lovers were gone;
He doth so mournfully express their passion,
In such a loving, and a lively fashion,

That

The Epistle.

That reading them grief will not let you speak,
Untill imprison'd tears from your eyes break;
Such passions in his Letters do appear,
That every word will make you drop a tear.
But you fair Gentlewomen of this Isle,
He would have you to glance one gentle smile
On his Epistles, stil'd Heroical,
Because by Lords and Ladies written all.
You know that Love is the Hearts pleasant tamer,
Whose motto is this, Omnia vincit Amor;
For he can with his lighted Torch enflame
Assoon the Lord and Lady, as the Swain.
If then you hope to be happy in Love,
If other sorrows may your pity move,
If you the complaints of fair Ladies tender,
Which English doth for your contentment render
Unto your view, let these Epistles here,
Enjoy your beauteous favour, shining clear
On Ovid, belov'd by th' Emperours daughter,
For which by Cæsar he was banisht after;
Yet this his comfort was in Banishment,
His Love, and Lines, did yeild your sex content.
Let English Gentlewomen as kind appear
To Ovid, as the Roman Ladies were.

So wisheth, Wye Saltonstall.

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CATHEN



Carmen instar mille

blande laudantium

In laudem Authoris carmen non desit Amici :


Hoc opus Authorem laudat, hic Author opus,

This Author needs not owe any friend

For Verses in his praise :

The Author doth his work commend,

And his work gives him Bayes.



OVID'S EPISTLES.

LIB. I.



The Argument of the first Epistle.

WHEN the Grecians went with a great Army to Troy, to revenge the rape of Helena. Ulysses the son of Laertes and Penelope, took such delight in his young wife Penelope, that he counterfeited him-

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self, that thereby to enjoy her, and absent himself from the wars. But *Palamedes* discovering his purpose, he was compelled to go with the rest in the *Trojan* voyage. Where he fought many brave combats, and after the destruction of *Troy*, which had been ten years besieged, intending to return to his own Country, he took ship with other Grecian Princes, but through *Miserva's* displeasure, they were scattered and divided by such a violent tempest, that *Ulysses* wandred ten years more before he returned. So that his wife *Penelope*, having lived chafly in his absence, and not knowing what hindered his coming home, writes this Epistle unto him, wherein she perswades him by many reasons to return to his own Country.

PENELOPE to ULYSSES.

MY dear *Ulysses*, thy *Penelope*
Doth send this Letter to complain of thee,
Who dost so long from me unkindly stay:
Write nothing back, but come thy self away.
For *Troy* now level with the ground is laid,
Which was env'd by every Grecian maid;
Yet neither *Troy*, nor *Priams* wealth could be
Worth half so much, as thy good company.
O! I could wish that *Paris* had been drown'd,
When his ship was to *Lacedemon* bound.
Then had not I lain cold in bed alone,
Nor yet complain'd that time runs slowly on;
Nor yet to pass away the winters night
Had I sat spinning then by candle light,
Fore-casting in what dangers thou mightst be,
And such as were not like to trouble thee,
Thinking on perils more than ever were,
For love is alwayes full of careful fear.
The *Trojans* now, thought I, do thee assail.
As *Hectors* name my cheeks with fear grew pale:
And when I heard *Antenor* was slain,
By *Hector* then my tears renew'd again.

And

And hearing how that *Patroclus* clad
In *Achilles* armour, such ill fortune had,
That *Hector* slew him in that false disguise,
The sad report drew tears out of mine eyes.
Or when I of *Ilepolemus* did hear,
Who with his blood bedew'd *Sarpedons* spear,
Ilepolemus death doth then my cares renew,
And I began straight way to think of you.
And lastly, if I heard abroad by fame,
That any of the Grecian side were slain,
My heart for fear of thee was far more cold
Than any Ice, when such bad news was told.
But the just Gods to us more kind do prove,
And more indulgent to our chaster love.
For stately *Troy* is unto ashes burn'd;
But my *Ulysses* lives, though not return'd,
The Grecian Captains are come home again,
The Altars do with joyful incense flame;
And all the Barbarous spoils which they did take,
Unto our Country gods they consecrate.
The love of wives is to their husbands shown
By gifts, which for their safe returning home,
Unto the Gods with grateful minds they bring,
While their husbands songs of *Troy's* destruction sing,
Old men, and trembling maids do both desire,
To hear the tale of *Troy*, which they admire,
And wives do hearken with a kind of joy
To their husbands talking of the siege of *Troy*.
And some now do upon their table draw,
The picture of those fierce wars which they saw:
And with a little wine before pour'd down,
Can lively paint the model of *Troy* town.
Here *Simois* floud, here's the *Sigean* land,
And here did *Priamus* lofty Palace stand.

Here did *Achilles* pitch his glittering tents,
 And here *Ulysses* kept his regiments.
 Here in this place did valiant *Hector* fall,
 Whose body was drag'd round about the wall
 Of *Troy*, to shew the enemies despite :
 Putting the framing Horses in a fright.
 For whatsoever in those wars was done,
 Old *Nestor* did relate unto thy son,
 Whom I had sent forth to enquire of thee,
 And he did bring home all this news to me :
 Bringing me tidings how *Dolon* by name,
 And *Rhesus* by thy sword at once were slain.
 While the one of them in his dead sleep was kill'd,
 And the others blood by treachery was spill'd,
 And thou amongst thy other bold attempts
 By night didst set upon the *Thyacian* Tents,
 Slaying so many men ; how couldst thou be
 So adventurous if thou hadst remembred me ;
 And of thy other victories I did hear,
 My heart did burn within my brest for fear,
 But what although thy valour did confound
Troy ; and did race the walls into the ground ?
 Shall I, as if *Troy* were besieg'd, still be
 A widow wanting thy sweet company ?
 That *Troy* doth stand I only find alone,
 Others rejoyce that it is overthrowne.
 Whose fruitful fields the conquering Grecians now,
 Do with the *Trojan* Oxen daily plough.
 For now ripe corn doth grow where *Troy* once stood,
 And all the ground is fat with *Trojan* blood.
 The crooked plough doth graze as it goes by
 Upon mens bones, which there half buried lie ;
 So that they plough up bones as well as land,
 And grass doth grow where houses once did stand.

Yet having wasted *Troy*, thou keep'st away,
 Nor do I know what moveth thee to stay,
 Nor can by any means learn in what part
 Of all the world (thou most unkindest) art.
 If any ship unto our shore doth come,
 Then to enquire of thee I straight do run;
 And to the ship-master a Letter give,
 To deliver unto thee if thou dost live:
 Charging if that it be his chance to see
Ulysses, he should give it unto thee.
 I sent to *Pylor*, where *Nestor* did reign,
 But I from *Pylor* heard no news again:
 I sent unto the *Spartans*, who could tell
 No tidings of thee, or where thou didst dwell,
 O would that *Troy* were standing now again,
 For whose destruction I did pray in vain!
 If thou wert at the wars, I should know where
 Thou wert, and of thy safety stand in fear.
 And other women might with me complain,
 Because their Husbands came not home again.
 To grieved minds this may some comfort be,
 To have companions in adversity.
 I know not what to fear, yet all things fear;
 My cares and sorrows never greater were.
 Thinking what dangers by sea and land may
 Enforce thee 'gainst thy will from me to stay.
 While thus my fond affection doth excuse thee,
 Perhaps thou in requital dost abuse me.
 For I do fear thy fancy loves to rove,
 And that thou hast some sweet-heart thou dost love
 In forrain Countries; nay, and it may be
 That thou dost wooe her by disgracing me,
 Telling her that thy Wife's a Country *Jone*,
 That knoweth only how to spin at home.

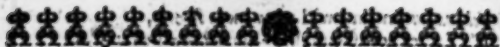
But of my hard belief I do repent,
 I hope thou art not willingly absent.
 My father *Icarus* would not have me stay
 A widow still ; but chideth my delay :
 But let him chide, *Penelope* will be
 A constant wife *Ulysses* unto thee.
 But though I do by fair entreaty still
 Prevail so much that I do change his will,
 Or alter it, so that he's not inclin'd
 To use a Fathers power to force my mind ;
 The *Dulichians*, and the *Samians* come to wooe me,
 And the *Zacynthians* often come unto me ;
 And of forreign suiters such a wanton crew
 Do haunt me, that I know not what to do.
 Who in thy Palace do most freely raig, n,
 Wasting those goods, which thou before didst gain.
Pisandrus, *Polybus*, and *Medon* too,
Eurymachus, and *Antinous* come to wooe
 Me, and in thy absence do, consume and eat
 That estate thou didst gain by blood and sweat:
 Poor *Irus* and *Melantheus* that doth feed
 His sheep, are suiters too, and hope to speed,
 And all thy household here doth but consist
 Of three, that are too weak for to resist ;
 Namely *Laertes*, who is spent and done,
 Thy wife, and young *Telemachus* thy Son,
 YVhom I had almost lost, while that he went,
 To the City *Pylus* without our consent.
 And when the fates our time of death assign,
 May his hand close up both thy eyes and mine ;
 Our Oxe-herd, Swine-herd, and our old Nurse, are
 All of one mind, and do make the same prayer :
 And how can old *Laertes* power restrain
 Those wanton Suiters which at home do raig, n.

Telemachus

Telemachus in time will grow more strong,
His Father now should keep him from all wrong.
I have no strength to drive these Suiters hence,
Then come thou home, and be thy own defence.
Think on thy son to whom thou shouldst impart
Instruction, that may season his young heart.
Think on *Laertes*, come and close his eyes,
VWho in his old age even bed-rid lyes.
And think on me, for when thou wentst from home,
Full young was I, but now an old wife grown.

B 4

The



James M. Smith, Jr., President
James M. Smith, Jr., President

The Argument of the second Epistle.

DEmophaen, the son of *Thesew* and *Phadra*, returning home from the *Trojan* wars, was driven by a tempest into *Thrace*, where *Phyllis* the daughter of *Lyseus* and *Crausimena*, being then Queen of *Thrace*, gave him courteous entertainment, both at board and bed; but when he had staid a while with her, as soon as he heard that *Minos* was dead, who had expuls'd his Father *Thesew* out of the City of *Athenis*, And assumed the government to himself, he being desirous to regain his Kingdom, desired leave of *Phyllis* to go and settle

settle his affairs, promising her within one moneth to return again : and so having made ready his ships, he sails to *Athens*, and taries there. Whereupon after four moneths were past, *Phyllis* writes this Epistle, perswading him to be faithful unto her, and to remember her kindness, and his own promise, which if he neglects to do, she threatens to kill her self, and so revenge the violation of her Maiden chastity.

PHYLLIS to DEMOPHOON.

Phyllis that did so kindly entertain
Thee, O *Demophon*, must of thee complain ;
Before the Moons sharp horns were once grown round,
Thou didst promise to land on the *Thracian* ground ;
But now four Moons are chang'd, four moneths are past,
And yet thy ship is not return'd at last :
If thou dost count the time, which we that are
In love do strictly reckon with great care ;
Thou having broke thy promise needs must say,
That my complaint comes not before the day.
My fears were slow, for we do slowly give
Credence to those things we would not believe.
Which made me for thy sake even falsely fain,
That the North-wind drove back thy sails again,
Sometimes I fear'd lest that in *Hebrus* sound
Thy ship might in those shallow waves be drown'd,
Oft I besought the gods for thy return,
And on their Altars did sweet incense burn.
When the wind stood fair, I said unto my self,
Sure he will come now if he be in health.
My faithful love was witty to invent
Something that might still hinder thy intent.
But yet thou stayest, nor can thy promise move
Thee to return, nor yet our former love.
But I perceive, *Demophon*, by thy stay,
One wind did drive thy ship and faith away.

Thy

Thy Ship returns not, which makes me complain,
 That all thy faithful promises were vain.
 VVhat have I done ? Alas I rashly lov'd thee !
 And yet this fault to pity might have mov'd thee.
 I entertain'd thee, this was all my fault,
 Yet this offence might have been kindness thought.
 VVhere is thy faith, thy hand which thou didst give me,
 And oaths thou swore'st to make me believe thee ?
 Swearing by *Hymen* that thou wouldst not tarry,
 But come again and thy poor *Phyllis* marry.
 And by the rugged Sea hast often swore,
 VVhich thou both hast and wilt sail often o're
 And by *Neptune* thy great Uncle, who with ease
 Can calm the raging of the angry seas :
 By *Juno* who in marriages delights :
 And by torch-bearing *Ceres* mystick rites.
 Should all these Gods revenge thy perjuries,
 VVhich are high treasons to their Majesties ;
 And should all punish thee with one consent,
 Thou couldst not sure endure their punishment.
 To rig and mend thy Ships I care did take,
 And in requital thou didst me forsake,
 I gave thee opportunity to run
 Away, 'tis I that have my self undone.
 I did believe thy fair and gentle words,
 Of which the falsest heart most store affords,
 And because thou didst come of a good descent,
 I did believe thou hadst a good intent.
 I did believe thy tears : and hadst thou taught
 Thy tears to be as false as was thy thought ?
 O yes, thy tears would flow with cunning Art,
 VVhen thou didst bid them to disguise thy heart.
 Thy vows and promises I did believe,
 And any of those shows might me deceive.

Nor am I griev'd because I entertain'd thee,
 Such kindness shew'd to thee could not have sham'd me.
 But I repent, because to add more height
 Unto thy entertainment, I one night
 Did suffer thee to come into my Bed,
 Where thou didst rob me of my Maiden-head.
 Would I had dy'd before that fatal night
 Wherein I yeilded thee so much delight.
 For if I had not thus my self betray'd,
 Then *Phyllis* might have liv'd and dy'd a Maid.
 But I did hope that thou more constant wert,
 "That hope is just which springeth from desert.
 For I did know I had deserv'd thy love,
 Which made me hope that thou would'st faithful prove.
 It is no glory to deceive a Maid,
 Since she deserveth pity that's betray'd
 By her kind heart, and hath too soon believ'd,
 For thus poor *Phyllis* was by thee deceiv'd,
 And instead of other praises may they say,
 That this was he that did a Maid betray;
 When thy statue shall be in the City plac'd
 With thy fathers, which is with high titles grac'd,
 VVhen they shall read how valiant *Jhesus* slew
 Those cruel thieves, and also did subdue
 The *Minotaure*, and did the *Thebanes* tame,
 And Centaures that by him were also slain:
 And lastly, when th' Inscription shall relate
 How he went to Hell and knockt at *Pluto's* gate;
 This title shall ye on thy statue read,
 "This man deceiv'd his love, and from her fled.
 In this thy Father thou dost imitate,
 That he fair *Ariadne* did forsake;
 VVhat he alone excused as a sin,
 That act thou only do'st admire in him;

Shewing

Shewing thy self in this to be his son,
 That thou like him, hast a young maid undone:
 But she is happily to *Bacchus* married,
 And in his Charriot, drawn with *Tigers*, carried:
 The *Thracians* do my marriage bed contemn,
 Because I lov'd a stranger more then them:
 And some perhaps will say in my disgrace,
 Let her go to *Athens*, that most learned place;
 Since she so kind hath to a stranger been,
 The warlike *Thracians* will have a new Queen.
 The end doth prove the action, but yet may
 He want success, that thinketh so, I say:
 That measures actions not from the intent,
 But counts them good, that have a good event.
 For if *Demopheon* would again return,
 Then they would honour me whom now they scorn.
 "Unfortunate actions do our credit stain,
 * I am faulty, because thou do'st not come again.
 Methinks I see, how when thou leftst our Court,
 Thy ship being ready to forsake our Port;
 Thy loving arms about my neck were spread,
 Making my lips with tedious kisses red.
 I wept, and when thou saw'st those tears of mine,
 Thou also wept'st and mingled'st them with thine.
 And then thou seem'd'st, with a treacherous mind
 Sorry, because thou hadst so fair a wind.
 And at the last, when thou must needs depart,
 Then said'st farewell fair *Phyllis* my Sweet-heart.
 For when one moneth is come unto an end,
 Look for *Demopheon*, thy faithful friend.
 Why should I look for thy return in vain,
 Who hadst no purpose to return again;
 Yet I'll look for thy coming back how ever,
 For it is better to come late, than never.

But

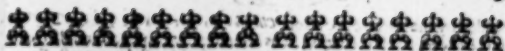
But I do fear thou hast a new Sweet-heart,
One that doth alienate from me thy heart,
That thou forgotten *Phyllis* do'st not know :
Wo's me, if *Phyllis* be forgotten so ;
Who did *Demophoon* kindly entertain,
When forc'd by storms he to our Harbour came ?
Whose necessities with treasure I supply'd,
And gave him many royal gifts beside.
My Kingdom unto thee I did submit,
Thinking a woman could not govern it :
Even all those goodly Lands I offered thee,
Twixt *Hæmus* and the shady *Rhodope*.
Besides, thou didst my Virgin Zone untie ;
And violate my chaste Virginitie.
And at our marriage the fatal Owle
Did sing, while mad *Tisiphone* did howle :
Alecto with her snaky hair was there ;
The Candles did like funeral-lights appear.
Oft sadly to some rock I go, whose height
May make me to see far at sea out-right.
If it be day, or if the Stars do shine,
I look still how the wind stands at that time,
If a far off a ship I chance to see,
I straight do hope that it thy ship may be.
And then, in hast upon the sands I run
So far, that I unto the Sea-waves come.
But when I have at length my error found,
Amongst my maids I fall down in a swoond ;
There is a hollow Bay bent like a bow,
Whose rocky sides into the sea far go ;
To cast my self from hence is my intent,
Since to deceive me thou art falsely bent.
For when thou seest my body like a wrack
Cast on thy shore, I know thou wilt look back

On the sad sight, and though thy heart could be
 More hard than Adamant, thou wilt pity me.
 Sometimes I could drink poison, or afford
 To stab my tender brest with a sharp sword,
 Or put a halter 'bout my neck, which oft
 Thou hast embraced with thy arms more soft.
 For Ile revenge my loss of Chastity,
 Though I am doubtful yet what death to die.
 And to declare my death from thee did come,
 These lines shall be engrav'd upon my tomb.
 Phyllis that did Demophoon entertain,
 Was by his unkindness, and her own hand slain.



The





The Argument of the third Epistle.

THe Grecians being arrived at *Illyria*, began to take the Cities near *Troy*, especially those opposite to the *Ile Lesbos*. *Achilles* the Son of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, invaded both the *Cilicians* with *Thebans*, and *Lynessa* besieged and took the Town *Chryseiss*, and brought away two fair Virgins, *Astina*, the Daughter of *Chrysis*, called afterward by their Fathers names. *Chrysis*, he bestows on Prince *Agamemnon*, but keeps *Briseis* to himself. But *Agamemnon* being commanded

manded by the Oracle to restore *Chryses* to her Father, took *Brisis* from *Achilles* : VVho taking it as an indignity, absents himself from the wars : no entreaty can prevail to make him fight against *Troy*. *Agamemnon* sends him *Brisis* again with gifts, he sleights them both. *Brisis* thereupon in this Epistle complains of his too violent anger, entreats him to fight against the *Trojans*, to accept *Agamemnon's* offer and receive her again.

BRISEIS to ACHILLES.

THIS Letter *Brisis* unto thee doth send,
Which I perhaps in Greek have rudely pen'd.
My tears did make those blots which thou dost see,
And yet these weeping blots may speak for me.
If a Captive may with modesty complain
Of thee, my Lord, do not my sute disdain.
Unto *Agamemnon* thou didst me resign,
And yet alas this was no fault of thine !
When that *Euribates* and *Talchibius* came
To fetch me, whom thou durst not then detain.
They wondred that thou couldst so soon deliver
Me to the Kings use, if thou lov'dst me ever.
Thou mightst have seem'd loath for to depart,
And have bestow'd one kiss on thy Sweet-heart.
But yet I wept a pace, my hair I tore,
As if I were a Captive made once more.
I often thought to steal away to thee,
But then I fear'd the *Trojan* enemy :
Lest being surpriz'd by them in my attempt,
They should to *Priams* daughters me present.
But thou wilt say thou couldst not me detain ;
But yet thou mightst have sent me back again.
Patroclus then did speak thus in my ear ;
Why dost thou weep? thou shalt not stay long there.
Nay, thou wilt not receive me now again,
And much less fetch her whom thou dost disdain.

Ajax

Ajax and *Phœnix* both did come to thee,
 Thy friend and cozen by consanguinity.
 And *Ulysses*, who with gifts and prayers did woo thee,
 To receive thy *Briſeis* when they brought me to thee.
 And for a present twenty basons brought,
 With seven three-footed tables carv'd and wrought :
 To these ten Talents of gold added were,
 And twelve brave Steeds that were train'd up to war,
 And many Captive maids, who with one look
 Could take the Conquerers that had them took :
 And a fair Virgin that thy wife might be ;
 But sure thou needst no other wife but me,
 From *Agamemnon* wouldst thou me redeem,
 That to receive these gifts so nice dost seem ?
Achilles, how have I mov'd thy neglect ?
 Why dost thou now unkindly me reject ?
 " Or is its fortunes custome still to frown
 " On those, who by misfortune are cast down ?
 I saw thee when thou didst *Lyrnessus* take,
 And of thy *Briſeis* didst a captive make.
 I saw how many of my kindred were
 Slain by thy valiant hand, and did lye there
 Panting for life, till their fresh wounds had bled
 So much, that all the earth was painted red.
 Yet when I lost those friends, I got another ;
 Thou art my Lord, my Husband, and my Brother.
 And by thy Mother Queen of the salt Flood
 Thou sworeſt all should turn unto my good,
 Binding thy self with promises, that I
 Should be most happy in captivity.
 But now both me, and those gifts which are sent thee,
 Thou dost refuse, for neither can content thee.
 And I hear to morrow by the break of day,
 Thou meanest to take ship and sayl away.

C

When

When I did hear the news, my heart did fail,
 And presently my bloodless cheeks grew pale,
 But wilt thou go from me my Dear, & leave me?
 Unto whose custody wilt thou bequeath me?
 May I be laid into the earths cold bed;
 Or may the flaming thunder strike me dead;
 Ere I behold the ship, cutting her way
 Through the green waves while I am left to stay:
 If thou intendest to return again,
 Take me along, who no great burthen am;
 I'll follow thee and serve thee all my life
 As a poor Captive, not as thy dear wife.
 I can inure my hands to labour hard;
 And I can be content to spin or card.
 One of the fairest Maids that Greece ere bred
 Shall be thy wife, and warm thy nuptial-bed;
 My humble thoughts do not so high aspire,
 To be thy servant is all I desire.
 I'll sit and spin untill my task be done:
 And untill all my Flax to thred be spun,
 Yet suffer not thy wife, I pray, to chide me,
 Because I love thee, she will not abide me.
 And do not suffer her to tear my hair;
 Think how of *Briseis* thou didst once take care;
 Nay though thou suffer her my hair to tear,
 Do not despise me, this is all my fear.
 What wouldst thou have? *Agamemnon* doth repent;
 And *Greece* for wronging thee is penitent.
 Subdue thy self, and now let him that hath
 Conquer'd so many, conquer his own wrath:
 Why dost thou let the coward *Hector* waste
 And spoyl the *Grecians*? take thou arms at last.
Achilles take thy arms, but first me take:
 Then crush those fellows, and force them to quake.

For my sake thou wert angry and offended,
 For me thy wrath began, in me let it be ended,
 It's no disgrace unto my suit to yeild,
Oetines did go unto the field
 Perswaded by his wife, though he laid by
 His arms, and to aid his Country did deny,
 She did perswade her valiant husband straight;
 But my words have, alas! no power, nor waight,
 I dare not call my self thy wife, for I
 Have lived with thee in Captivity;
 Though my Lord hath often call'd his handmaid
 Unto his bed, and I have him obey'd,
 I do remember that a captive Maid
 Did call me Mistres unto whom I said,
 Lay not the waight of scorn on misery,
 That title suits not with Captivity.
 For by my fathers ashes I do swear,
 Of whom a reverend memory I bear;
 By my three brothers souls, whose blood was spill'd
 For their Country, and in its defence were kill'd:
 By my lips, and by those soft lips of thine
 Which we did often times together joyn;
 And by thy sword I swear, since I went from thee,
 That *Agamemnon* never lay with me.
 But for thy honesty thou dar'st not swear,
 If I should put thee to thy oath, I fear.
 The Grecians think with sorrow thou art pin'd,
 But thou hast musick to refresh thy mind;
 While thy Sweet-heart doth clasp thee in her arms,
 Making her moistned kisses powerful charms
 To stay thee there, which makes thee loath to fight;
 Love and sweet musick, yeild thee more delight.
 It is the safer course in bed being laid,
 To sport thy self with some young fearful Maid;

Or when with those joyes thou art tyr'd too much,
 To give thy Thracian Lyre a gentle touch ;
 Then to hold Buckler or sharp-pointed Spear,
 Or on thy head a waightry Helmet wear ;
 Yet in brave actions thou didst once delight,
 And to win glory only thou wouldst fight.
 Didst thou love war till I was captive made ?
 And is thy Valour since that time decay'd ?
 The gods forbid, I hope to see thy Spear
 Wound valiant *Hector*, who doth no man fear.
 Let the Grecians send me to my Lord to plead
 Their cause with kisses, I can intercede
 More powerfully than *Phenix* or *Ulysses*,
 There is a sweeter eloquence in kisses.
 If I incircle thee within mine arms,
 My close embraces are like powerful charms ;
 My naked breasts being in thy view laid open,
 Will soon perswade thee, though no word be spoken.
 If thou wert like the sea, void of compassion,
 My silent tears would move commiseration.
 As thou desirest thy fathers length of dayes,
 Or to see *Pyrhus* crown'd with wreaths of Bayes,
Achilles take thy *Briséis* once again ;
 Have pity on that grief which I sustain.
 If thy love be turn'd to hate, yet do not flout me,
 Kill me out-right, who cannot live without thee.
 Nay, thou dost kill me, for my strength doth fade,
 My beauty and fresh colour is decay'd.
 Yet I do hope thou wilt thy *Briséis* take,
 And this hope makes me live, even for thy sake.
 But if my hopes of thee do fail, then I
 To meet my brother and husband will dye.
 Yet when others shall perchance read my sad story,
 To kill a woman will yeild thee no glory.

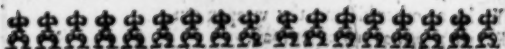
Yet let no other kill me, thy weapon can
Kill me as soon as any other man.
Let thy sword give me such a wound, that I
May bleed with pleasure, and so bleeding die.
Let thy sword send me to *Elysian* rest,
Which might have wounded *Hectors* valiant breast.
But let me live if thou art pleased so,
Thy love doth ask what thou grant'st to thy foe,
And rather kill thy *Trojan* foes than I
Express thy valour on thy enemy.
And whether thou intend'st to go or stay,
Command me as my Lord to come away.



C 3

The





The Argument of the fourth Epistle.

Theseus the son of *Aegæus* having slain the *Minotaur*, brought away by ship *Ariadne* daughter to *Minos* and *Phaëdra*, to whom for helping him in killing the *Minotaur*, he had promised marriage, and her sister *Phædra*. But admonished by *Bacchus*, he leaves *Ariadne* in the Isle *Naxos* or *Chios*, and marries *Phædra*, who in *Theseus* absence falls in love with her son in Law *Hippolytus*, *Theseus* son by *Hippolyte* an *Amazon*. He being a Bachelor, and much addicted to hunting

hunting, she having no opportunity to speak to him, discovers her love by this Epistle; wherein cunningly wooing and perswading him to love her, and lest it might seem dishonestly in a mother to solicit her son in law, she begins with an Insinuation,

PHÆDRA to HIPPOLYTUS.

Phædra unto Hippolytus sends health,
Which unless thou giv'st me, I must want my self:
Yet read it, for a Letter cannot fright thee,
There may be something in it may delight thee,
For these dumb Messengers sent out of hand,
Do carry secrets both by sea and land.
The foe will read a letter, though it be
Sent to him from his utter enemy.
Thrice I began my mind to thee to break,
Thrice I grew dumb, so that I could not speak,
There is a kind of modesty in love,
Which hindereth those that honest suits do move.
And love hath given command that every lover
Should write that which he blusheth to discover.
Then to contemn loves power it is not safe,
Who over all the gods dominion hath.
'Tis dangerous to resist the power of love,
Who ruleth over all the gods above.
Love bid me write, I followed his direction,
Who told me that my lines should win affection.
O! since I love thee, may my love again
Raise in thy breast another mutual flame.
That love which hath been a long time delay'd,
At last grows violent, and must be obey'd:
I feel a fire, a fire within my heart,
And the blind wound of love doth rage and smart.
As tender Heyfers cannot brook the yolk,
Nor the wild Colt, that is not backt nor brook,

Endure the bridle, so loves yoke I find
 Is heavy to an unexperienc'd mind.
 When 'tis their art, and they can easily do it,
 That from their youth have been train'd up unto it;
 She that hath let her time run out at wast,
 Her love is violence when she loves at last,
 The forbidden fruits of love I keep for thee,
 In tasting them let us both guilty be..
 It is some happiness to pluck and cull
 Fruit from a tree, Whose boughs with fruit are full;
 Or from the bush to gather the first Rose;
 I am the tree and bush where loves fruit grows:
 Yet hitherto my fame was never blotted;
 But for white chastity I have been noted;
 And I am glad that I my love have plac'd
 On one by whom I cannot be disgrac'd.
 Adultery in her is a base fact,
 That with some base fellow doth commit the act.
 But should *Juno* grant me her *Jupiter*,
 In love I would *Hippolytus* prefer.
 And since I lov'd thee, I do now embrace
 Those sports which thou dost love; to hunt and chase
 Wilde savage beasts, for I would gladly be
 A Huntress to enjoy thy company.
 And now like thee, no Goddess I do know,
 But chaste *Diana* with her bended bow.
 I love the woods, and take delight to set
 The toyles, and chase the Deer into the net.
 And I do take delight to hoop and hollow,
 And cheer the dogs, while they the chase do follow.
 To cast a dart I now am cunning grown.
 Sometimes upon the grass I lye along,
 Sometimes for pleasure I a Chariot drive,
 Reining the horse that with the bridle strive.

Some-

Sometime like those mad *Bacchie* I do run,
 Who pipe when they to the *Idian* hill do come;
 Or like those that have seen the horned fawns,
 And *Dryads* lightly tripping o're the lawns.
 In such a frantick fit they say I am,
 When love tortants me with his raging flame;
 And this same love of mine perhaps may be
 By fate entail'd upon one family,
 For it is given to us in love to fall;
 And *Venus* takes a tribute of us all.
 For first, great *Jupiter* did rarely gull
Europa with the false shape of a Bull.
 My mother *Pasiphae* in a Cow of wood
 The leaping of a lustful Bull withstood.
 My sister likewise to false *Theseus* gave
 A Clew of silk, and so his life did save,
 Who through the winding labyrinth was led
 By the direction of this slender thred.
 And now like *Mino's* stock, even I
 Love as the rest did, in extremity.
 It fortunes that our love thus cross should be,
 Thy father lov'd my sister, I love thee.
 Thus *Theseus* and *Hippolytus* his son
 Do glory that their love hath overcome
 Two sisters, but I would we had remain'd
 At home, when we came to thy fathers land.
 For then especially thy presence mov'd me,
 And from that time I ever since have lov'd thee.
 My eye convey'd unto my heart delight,
 To like of thee, for thou wert cloth'd in white.
 A flowry garland did thy soft hair crown,
 And thy complexion was a lovely brown.
 Which some for a stern visage had mistook;
 But *Phedra* thought thou hadst a manly look.

For

For young-men should not be like women drest,
 A careless dressing, doth become them best;
 Thy sternness, and loose flowing of thy hair,
 And dusty countenance most graceful were.
 While thy curveting Steed did bound and fling,
 I admir'd to see thee ride him in the ring;
 If with thy strong arm thou didst tosse the pike,
 Thy nimble strength I did approve and like.
 Or, if thou took'st thy Javelin in thy hand,
 Me thought thou didst in comely posture stand,
 For all thy actions yeilded me delight,
 And did appear most graceful in my sight.
 Of the woods wildness do not then partake,
 Nor suffer me to perish for thy sake.
 For why shouldst thou in hunting spend thy leasure?
 And no delight on *Venus* sweeter pleasure?
 There's nothing can endure without due rest,
 By which our wearied bodies are refresh't.
 And thou might'st imitate thy *Diana's* bow,
 Which if too often bended, weak will grow.
Cephalus was a Woodman, man of great fame,
 And many wild beasts by his hand were slain,
 Yet with *Aurora* he did fall in love,
 Her blushing beauty did his fancy move:
 While from her aged husbands bed she rose,
 And wisely to young *Cephalus* straight goes.
Venus and young *Adonis* oft would lie
 Together on the grass most wantonly.
 And underneath some tree in the hot weather,
 They would lie kissing in the shade together.
Atalanta did *Oenides* fancy move,
 And gave her wilde beasts skins to shew his love,
 And therefore why may'st thou not fancy me,
 Sith without love the woods unpleasant be,

For I will follow thee o're the rocky cliff,
 And never fear the bears sharp fanged teeth;
 Two seas the narrow *Isthmus* do oppose,
 The raging waves on both sides of it flows.
 Together thee and I will govern here
 The Kingdom, than my Country far more dear :
 My husband *Theseus* hath long absent been,
 He's with his friend *Perithous* it doth seem.
Theseus (unless we will the truth deny)
 Doth love *Perithous* more then thee or I.
 'Tis his unkindness that he stayes so long,
 But he hath done us both far greater wrong.
 With his great Club he did my brother slay,
 And left my sister to wild beasts a prey.
 Thy mother was a warlike Amazon,
 Deserving favour for thy sake her son :
 Yet cruel *Theseus* kill'd her with his sword,
 Who did to him so brave a son afford ;
 Nor would he marry her ; for he did aim
 That as a bastard thou shouldst never raign ;
 And many children he on me begot,
 Whose untimely death not I but he did plot ;
 Would I had died in labour, ere that I
 Had wrong'd thee by a second Progeny.
 Why shouldst thou reverence thy fathers bed,
 Which he doth shun, and now away is fled ?
 If a mother be to love her son enclin'd,
 Why should vain names fright thy couragious mind ?
 Such strict preciseness former times became,
 When good old *Salmyn* on the earth did raign.
 But *Salmyn's* dead, his laws are cancell'd now ;
Jove rules, then follow what *Jove* doth allow ;
 For *Jove* all sort of pleasure doth permit,
 Sister may marry if they think it fit ,

With

With their own brothers, *Venus* bonds doth tye
 The knot more close of consanguinity.
 Besides, who can our stoln joyes discover ?
 With a fair outside we our fault may colour :
 If our embraces were discern'd by some,
 They would say that mother surely loves her son.
 Thou need'st not come by night, no doors are bar'd
 And shut on me, thy passage is not hard.
 One house as it did once, may us contain,
 Thou oft hast kist me, and shalt kifs again,
 Thou shalt be safe with me, nay, wert thou seen
 Within my bed, such faults have smother'd been.
 Then come with speed to ease my troubled mind,
 And may love alwayes prove to thee more kind,
 Thus I most humbly do entreat and sue,
 Pride and great words become not those that wooe.
 Thus I most humbly beg of thee alone,
 Alas ! my pride and my great words are gone :
 To my desires long time I would not yeild ;
 But yet at last affection won the field.
 And as a Captive at thy royal feet
 Thy mother begs ; *Love knows not what is meet.*
 Shame hath forsok his Colours in my cheek
 It is confest, yet grant that love I seek.
 Though *Minos* be my father, who keeps under
 His power the seas, and that darteth thunder
 Be my Grand-father ; and he be a kin
 To me, that hath his forehead circled in
 With many a clear beam, a sharp pointed ray,
 And drives the purple Chariot of the day,
 Love makes a servant of Nobility.
 Then for my Ancestors even pity me.
 Nay *Creet*, *Joves* Island, shall my Dowry be,
 And all my Court (*Hippolytus*) shall serve thee.

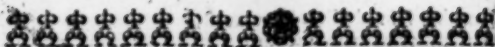
My mother softned a Bels stern breast,
 And wilt thou be more cruel then a beast ?
 For love-sake love me, who have thus complain'd,
 So may'st thou love and never be disdain'd:
 So may the Queen of Forests help thee still,
 So may the Woods yeild game for thee to kill.
 May Fawns and Satyres help thee every where,
 So may'st thou wound the Boar with thy sharp spear.
 So may the Nymphs give thee water to slake
 Thy burning thirst, though thou do Maidens hate.
 Tears with my prayers I mingle, read my prayers,
 And imagine that you do behold my tears.



The



My



The Argument of the first Epistle.

Hecuba Daughter to *Cissus*, and wife to *Priam* being with child, dreamt that she was delivered of a flaming Fire-brand, that set all *Troy* on fire. *Priam* troubled in mind, consults with the Oracle, receives answer, that his son should be the destruction of his Country, and therefore as soon as he was born, commands his death. But his Mother *Hecuba* sends her son *Paris* secretly to the Kings shepherds. They-keep him, till being grown a Young-man, he fancied the

the Nymph *Oenone*, and married her. But when *Juno*, *Pallas*, and *Venus* contended about the golden Apple, which had this inscription, **DETUR PULCHRIORI**, *Let it be given to the fairest*, *Jupiter* made *Paris* their Judge. To whom *Juno* promised a Kingdom, *Pallas* Wisdom, *Venus* Pleasure, and the fairest of Women; but he gave sentence for *Venus*. Afterward being known by his Father, and received into favour, he sailed to *Sparta*, whence he took *Helen* wife to *Menelaus*, and brought her to *Troy*. *Oenone* hearing thereof, complains in this Epistle of his unfaithfulness; perswading him to send back *Helen* to *Greece*, and receive her again.

OENONE to PARIS.

UNto my *Paris*, for though thou art not mine,
 Thou art my *Paris*, because I am thine,
 A Nymph doth send from the *Idæan* Hill
 These following words, which do this paper fill.
 Read it, if that thy new wife will permit,
 My letter is not in a strange hand writ.
Oenone through the *Phrygian* woods well known,
 Complains of wrong, that thou to her hast done,
 What god hath us'd his power to cross our love?
 What fault of mine hath made thee faithless prove?
 With deserv'd sufferings I could be content;
 But not with undeserv'd punishment.
 What I deserve, most patient I could bear,
 But undeserv'd punishments heavy are.
 Thou wert not then of such great dignity,
 When a young Nymph did first marry thee;
 Though now forsooth, thou *Priam's* son art prov'd,
 Thou wert a servant first, when first we lov'd:
 And while our sheep did graze, we both have laid
 Under some tree together in the shade;
 Whose boughs like a green Canopie were spread,
 While the soft grass did yeild us a green bed:
 And when the dew did fall, we often lay
 In a poor Cottage, upon straw or hay.

I shew'd thee both, what Lawns and Forrests were
 Likely to yeild much store of game, and where
 The wilde beasts did in secret caves abide,
 And their young ones in the hollow Rocks did hide.
 To set thy Toyles with thee I oft have gone,
 After the Hounds I o're the hills have run.
 My name on every Beech-tree I do finde.
 Thou hadst engrav'd *Oenone* on their rinde,
 And as the body of the tree doth, so
 The letters of my name do greater grow.
 Close by a River (I remember it)
 These lines are on an *Alder* fairly writ;
 And may the *Alder* flourish still and spread,
 Because these lines may on the bark be read;
 When *Paris* doth to *Oenone* false become,
Xanthus unto his spring doth backward run,
Xanthus run back, thy course now backward take,
 For *Paris* doth his *Oenone* forsake.
 That day did unto me most fatal prove;
 That day began the winter of thy love,
 When *Venus*, *Juno*, and fair *Pallas* came
 Naked before thee, and did not disdain
 To chuse thee for their Judge, when thou had'st told
 The story to me, my faint heart grew cold,
 Of the experienc'd I did counsel take,
 They did resolve me, thou wouldst me forsake.
 For thou didst build new ships without delay,
 And didst send forth a Fleet to sea straightway.
 Yet thou didst weep at thy departure hence;
 Do not deny it, it was no offence;
 For by my love thy credit is not stain'd,
 But of loving *Helen* thou mayst be asham'd,
 Thou wept'st, and also at that very time
 Thou saw'st me weep, my tears dropping with thine.

And

And as the Vine about the Elmie doth winde,
 So thy arms were about my neck entwinde.
 When thou complaind'st because the winds crosse were,
 The Sailers laught, because the wind stood fair.
 Thou didst kiss me oft, when thou didst depart,
 And thou wert loth to say, Farewel, Sweet-heart.
 At last, a gentle gale of wind did blow,
 So that thy ship from land did slowly go.
 I looking after thee, long time did stand
 Weeping, and shedding tears on the dry sand.
 And to the green *Nereides* I did pray,
 Thy voyage might be speedy without stay :
 For me it was too speedy, since that I
 Sustain the loss of thy false love thereby.
 To *Thessaly* my Prayers have brought thee safe,
 And for a Whore my prayer prevailed hath.
 There is a Mountain that to sea doth look,
 Which beating of the foaming waves can brook :
 From hence when I beheld thy ship was coming;
 Into the sea I presently was running ;
 But standing still, at length I might discern
 A purple flag, which waved on the stern ;
 Then whether it were thy ship I did doubt,
 Because such colours thou didst not put out.
 But when thy ship to shoar did neerer stand,
 And a fair gale did bring it close to land,
 A womans face I straightway did behold,
 Which made my heart to tremble, and wax cold.
 And while I stood doating there, I might espie
 Thy sweet heart, that did on thy bosome lie.
 O then I wept, my breast I strook, and beat
 And tore my cheeks that with my tears were wet ;
 Filling the Mountain *Ida* with my cries ;
 And there I did bewail my miseries.

May *Melena* at last so weep, so grieve,
 When thou dost falsely her forsake and leave :
 And may she that this wrong to me doth offer,
 Be wrong'd in the like kind, and like wrong suffer.
 When thou wert poor, and led'st a Shepherds life,
 None but *Oenone* was thy loving wife.
 Tis not thy wealth, nor state that I admire ;
 Nor to be *Priams* daughter do I desire.
 Yet *Priam*, nor his *Hecuba*, need disdain
 Me for their daughter since I worthy am.
 I am fit to be a Princess, to command,
 A royal Scepter would become my hand,
 Despise me not, because that I wish thee
 Have lain under some shady Beechen-tree.
 For I am fitter for thy Royal bed,
 When it with purple Quilts is covered.
 Lastly, my love is safest, since for me
 No wars shall follow, nor no Fleet shall be
 Sent forth ; but if thou *Melena* do take,
 She shall by force of arms be feached back.
 Blood is the portion which thou shalt obtain,
 If thou dost marry with this stately Dame.
 Ask *Hektor* and *Deiphobus*, if she
 Should not unto the *Greeks* restored be ;
 Ask *Priam*, and *Antenor* wife and grave ,
 Who by their age much deep experience have,
 For to performe a beauteous rape before
 Thy Country, must be bad and base all o're ;
 Since to defend a bad cause is a shame,
 Her Husband shall just wars 'gainst thee maintain.
 Nor think that *Helena* faithful will become,
 Who was so quickly woo'd, so quickly won.
 As *Menelaus* grieves, because that she
 Hath with a stranger, by adultery

Wrong'd

Wrong'd the chaste rites of the Nuptial bed,
 And let a stranger so adhorn his head :
 So thou wilt then confess, no art, or cost,
 Can purchase honesty, that once is lost.
 She that is bad once, will in bad persevere,
 And being bad once will be bad for ever.
 As she loves thee, so she before did love
Menelaus, unto whom she false did prove.
 Thou might'st have been more faithful unto me,
 As thy brother was to fair *Andromache*.
 But thou art lighter than dry leaves, which be
 By every wanton wind blown off the tree :
 Or like the waving corn, which every whiff
 Of wind doth bend, untill it grow more stiff.
 Thy Cousen once (for I remember't well)
 With dishevell'd hair did thus my fate foretell ;
 What dost thou *Oenone* ? why dost thou sow
 The barren sands ? Or why dost thou thus go
 About to plough the shoar ? it is in vain ;
 Such fruitless tillage can yeild thee no gain.
 A Grecian Maid is coming that shall be
 Fatal unto thy Country, and to thee.
 And may the ship be drown'd in the salt flood,
 Whose sad arrival shall cost so much blood.
 When she had said thus, straight my flaxen hair
 Began to heave, and stand upright for fear.
 Alas, thou wert too true a Prophetess,
 For she is come, and doth my place possess !
 Yet she is but a fair adulteress,
 Who with a strangers love was so soon took ;
 And for his sake her Country hath forsook.
 Besides, one *Thersites* (though I know not whom)
 Brought her out of the Country long ago.
 And canst thou think an amorous young-man
 Would send her a pure Virgin back again ?

If thou wouldst know how I these truths discern,
 It is my love, love doth in all things pry.
 If thou call'st her fault a rape, yet that name
 May seem to hide her fault, but not her shame.
 Since she so often from her Country went,
 'Twas not by violence, but by her consent.
 Though by deceit thou me instructed hast,
 Yet *Oenone* still remaineth chaste.
 I hid me in the woods, while the wanton rout
 Of nimble Satyres sought to find me out:
 And horned Fawnes with wreaths of sharp Pine crown'd
 Over the Mountain *Ida* sought me round.
 For great *Apollo* that protecteth *Troy*,
 The spoiles of my virginity did enjoy,
 By force against my will; for which disgrace
 I tore my guiltless hair, and scratcht my face;
 Yet neither precious stones could me entice,
 Not gold; for I set on my self no price.
 She that hath wit, and ingenuity,
 Seemeth for gifts to sell virginity,
Apollo thought me worthy to impart
 To me the skill of Physick, and his Art:
 The vertue of all Herbs he did reveale
 To me, and shew'd what Herbs have power to heal.
 Yet wo's me, that no powerful Herb is found,
 That can recure loves inward bleeding wound.
 Since great *Apollo* who did first invent
 The art of Physick, yet for my sake went
 And kept *Admetus* Oxen; for the flame
 Of my love turn'd him to a Shepherd Swain:
 Though *Apollo's* art, nor Herbs, cannot relieve me;
 Yet thou can'st help me and some comfort give me;
 Thou can'st, O then have pity on a Maid:
 For me the Grecians shall not thee invade.

As from my blooming years, and childish time
I have been, so let me still remain thine.

Oenone.



The Argument of the Fifth Epistle.

THE Oracle had told Paris the son of Priamus, that he should be near his death, whenas he was sacrificing to his Father, one should come to him with one foot naked, and bare. As he was performing his

his yearly sacrifice, Jason son to *Æson*, and his Nephew having left one of his shoes sticking in the mud of the River *Anaurus*, halting at the sacrifice, meets with him on foot naked. *Pelias* remembering the Oracle, persuades Jason to go to *Colchos* to fetch the golden Fleece, hoping his destruction by the impossibility of the attempt. But courageous Jason willingly undertook the Voyage, and so accompanied with many Grecian Nobles, he set forth in the ship *Argo* from *Popea*, for a Haven of *Thessaly*, and sailed to the Isle *Lennox*: where when the Women consented to kill all the Men on one night, *Hypsiphile* who had only preserved her father *Theus* alive, then reigned, and at board and bed kindly entertained Jason. But after two years, the time and importunity of his company urging him to proceed in his intended attempt he leaves *Hypsiphile* with child, and sails to *Colchos*; where by *Medea's* art having charmed the Dragon fast asleep, and overcome the fierce Bulls, he brought away the golden Fleece and *Medea*. *Hypsiphile* being grieved that *Medea* was preferred before her, in this Epistle gratulates Jason's return, rails on *Medea's* cruelty and witchcraft, to make her contemptible; and lastly, curses both Jason and *Medea*.

HYP SIPHILE to JASON.

TO *Thessaly* thou art return'd again,
 Rich in the golden Fleece, which thou didst gain.
 I am glad thou'rt well, yet it were better
 If I had heard of thy health by thy Letter.
 It may be that the wind did not stand fair,
 That to my Kingdom thou couldst not repair;
 And yet although contrary winds stood cross,
 To venture a letter had been no loss.
Hypsiphile had deserv'd thy salutations,
 Sent in a Letter of kind commendations.
 I heard not by thy letters, but by fame,
 That thou didst *Mars* his sacred Oxen tame;
 And how the Dragons teeth being sow'd, did bring
 Forth armed men, which from the earth did spring,
 In whose blood thou didst not thy hand imbrow,
 For those sons of earth one another slew.

And

And from the watchful Dragon, while he slept,
 Thou took'st the golden Fleece which he had kept.
 VVhat sudden joy had I conceiv'd at it,
 If thou this joyful news to me hadst writ !
 Of thy unkindness why do I complain ?
 I fear thou dost my former love disdain.
 A barbarous Enchauntress thou hast brought,
 And her more worthy of thy love hast thought ;
 Love soon believes; yet I wish, I may be
 Censur'd for rashness in accusing thee.
 From *Thessaly* a stranger came of late ;
 And as soon as he was come to my gate,
 I askt him how my *Iason* did, and staid
 Looking down to the ground, no answer made.
 Straightway into a passion I did break,
 Tearing my garments, and thus I did speak ;
 Tell me if that my *Iason* live, that I,
 If he be dead, may follow him and die.
 He lives, sayes he : and yet through loving fear
 I scarce believ'd him, though that he did swear.
 But when my doubtful mind his words believ'd,
 I askt what valiant deeds thou hadst atchiev'd ?
 And he related the whole story how
 Thou mad'st the brazen-footed Oxen plough,
 How from the Dragons teeth on the earth sowl,
 A harvest of brave armed souldiers growd ;
 VVhich earth-sprung men did straightway fall at jars,
 And slew each other in their civil wars :
 And that thou kildst the Dragon : when I heard
 These deeds of thine, again I grew affear'd;
 Again I asked him, if *Iason* did live,
 His words through fear, I hardly could believe;
 Yet by the carriage of his speech I found,
 That thy unkindness had given me a wound.

VWhere are thy promises ? these marriage bands,
 VWhich once did joyn our loving hearts and hands ?
 Or where is *Hymens* torch that burnt so bright !
 Fitter to have been a sad funeral light.
 I was no whore; *Juno* and *Hymen* too
 At our glad Nuptials themselves did show.
 Not *Juno*, nor *Hymen*, when we did marry,
 But *Erinays* did the fatal torches carry.
 The *Theſſalians* and *Minyans* strangers were
 To me; and why did *Typhis* put in here
 His Ship ? Here is no wealthy Ram doth bear
 A golden fleece upon his back, nor here
 Doth old *Aëto's* fair lofty Palace stand.
 This *Lemnia* is a little small Island ;
 I had resolv'd (but fate did it withstand)
 To drive thee from hence with a Feminine band.
 Though *Lemnians* women had their husbands kill'd,
 I thought twas pity thy blood should be spill'd.
 Thy first sight in me such a liking bred,
 Then I entertained thee at board and bed.
 And thou two Summers with me stayd'st here,
 And while two winters also passed were.
 And the third year, when thou didst sail away,
 VWith weeping tears unto me thou didst say,
Hypsiphile, though I am forc'd to go
 And leave thee here, yet I would have thee know,
 That till I do return again, I'll be
 Alwayes a faithful Husband unto thee.
 And may that prosper which is in thy womb,
 To make me a glad Parent when I come ;
 Then down thy face thy cunning tears did fall,
 The rest for grief thou couldst not speak at all.
 Of all thy company thou wentst last of all
 Aboard the ship which thou didst *Arge* call :

Away

Away it flies, when once the hollow fall
 Vvas driven forward with a lusty gale;
 And while thy ship the blew waves passed o're,
 I lookt unto the sea, thou to the shore.
 And then unto my Turret I did go,
 VVhile tears did down my cheeks and bosome flow:
 I looked through my tears and they did seem,
 As if they watry perspectives had been:
 For thorow them I thought that I could view
 Things farther off than I was wont to do.
 Then I made vows, and I did chastly pray,
 For thy return which vows I now should pay.
 But shall I pay vows for *Medea's* good?
 Love mixt with anger doth enrage my blood.
 Because I have lost *Jasen* that doth live,
 Shall I Sacrifices on th' Altar give?
 I must confess I alwayes was afraid
 Lest thou shouldst marry some young Grecian Maid:
 I fear'd the Grecian Maids; but thou hast brought
 A barbarous Harlot of whom I ne're thought:
 She cannot please thee with her beauteous look,
 VVith her charms and skill in herbs thou art took.
 For from the Sphear she can call down the Moon,
 And hide in clouds the Horses of the Sun;
 She can make Rivers stav their hasty course,
 And make green woods and stones remove by force.
 Unto the graves with loosen'd hair she comes,
 And out of the warm ashes gathers bones.
 VVhen she would bewitch another, she doth frame
 In wax his picture, and t' increase his pain
 In the heart of it small needles doth stick,
 VVhich maketh his own heart to ake and prick.
 And by her cursed charms she can force love,
 VVhich beauty and fair vertue ought to move.

How

How canst thou then embrace her with delight?
 Or sleep securely by her in the night?
 But as she did with charms the Dragon quell,
 And Bulls, so she hath charm'd thee with a Spell;
 Besides of glory she will have a share,
 Out of those deeds by thee performed were.
 And some of *Pelias* side will think each deed
 Of thine, did from the force of charms proceed;
 And that though *Jason* sailed unto Greece,
Medea brought away the golden Fleece.
 Thy father and thy mother both are wroth,
 That thou shouldst bring a wife out of the North.
 A husband for her may at home be found,
 Or else where *Tamais* doth *Scythia* bound.
 But *Jason* is more fickle than the wind,
 And in his words no constancy I find.
 As thou went'st forth, why didst not come again?
 Coming and going I thy wife remain.
 If Nobility of birth can thee content,
 King *Thoas* is my father by descent;
Bacchus my Uncle is, whose wifes crown shines
 VVith stars enlightning all the lesser signes,
 And faithful *Lemnos* shall my Dowry be,
 VVhich thou might'st have, if that thou would'st have me.
Jason for my delivery may be glad
 Of that sweet burthen which by him I had;]
 For *Lucina* unto me so kind hath been,
 That I two children unto thee did bring.
 They are most like to thee in outward show,
 Yet they their fathers falshood do not know:
 These young Embassadors I to thee had sent,
 But their step-mother hindered my intent;
 I feared fierce *Medea*, whose hands be
 Ready to act all kind of villany.

She that her brothers limbs could piece-meal tear,
 Would she have pity on my children dear ?
 And yet her charms have madly blinded thee,
 To prefer her before *Hypsipyle*.

She was an adulteress when first she knew thee ;
 I by chaste marriage was given to thee.

She betray'd her father, I sav'd mine from death ;

She forsook *Colchus*, but me *Lemnos* hath.

And though her dowry be her wickedness,
 From me she got my Husband nevertheless.

Jason, I blame the *Lemnian* womens act,

Yet wronged sorrow thrust us on each fact.

Tell me, suppose cross winds by chance had droven

Thee, and thy company into my Haven ;

If with my children I had come to meet thee,

With curses might not I most justly greet thee ?

How couldst thou look upon my babes or me ?

What death deserv'st thou for thy treachery ?

To preserve thee it had my mercy been,

And sure I had, though thou unworthy seem.

And with the harlots blood I would not fail,

To fill my cheeks, which her charms have made pale.

Medea to *Medea* I would be,

And furiously revenge my injury.

If great *Jupiter* will my prayer receive,

Like to *Hypsipyle*, so may she grieve.

And since she like a *Succubus* me wrongs,

May she know what unto my grief belongs.

And as I am of my husband bereft,

May she be a widow with two children left ;

As to her brother, and her father she

Was cruell, may she to her husband be.

And may she wander, o're earth, sea, and ayre

A harred murtheress, hopeles, poor, and bare.

Having

Having lost my Husband thus I pray beside,
May he live accursed with his wicked Bride.



The Argument of the seventh Epistle.

AFTER the destruction of Troy, *Æneas* the son of *Anchises* and *Venus*, taking his *Penates* or household gods with him, goes to sea with twenty ships. Through tempestuous weather at sea, he is driven to *Lybia* where *Dido* (as *Virgil* hath fained) Daughter to *Batas*, and wife

wife to *Sichem Hercules* Priest, leaving *Tyre*, for the cruel avarice of her brother *Pigmalion*, who had unawares kill'd her husband for his wealth, and built the new City *Carthage*: she most magnificently entertained *Aeneas* and his companions, loved him, and enjoyed him; but when *Mercury* admonish'd him to depart for *Italy*, which country the Oracle had promised him: *Dido*, having in vain endeavour'd by entreaty to divert him from his purpose, and stay his journey, being sick to death, writes unto him, accusing him as the cause of her death.

DIDO to AENEAS.

AS the Swan by Meanders fords doth lie
In the moist weeds, and sings before she die:

So I not hoping to perswade thy stay,
Since one that will not hear me I do pray.

Having lost my credit and virginity,

To lose a few words a small loss will be;

For thy poor *Dido* thou mean'st to forsake,

And unto sea wilt a new voyage make.

Aeneas, thou wilt needs depart from me,

To finde strange Kingdoms out in *Italy*.

Thou car'st not for new *Carthage*, or my Land,

Whose Scepter I have given into thy hand.

Thou shun'st my Country which might be thy own,

And seek'st a Country unto thee unknown;

Which if thou findest out, thou canst not gain;

For who will suffer a stranger to reign?

Thou seekest another *Dido* whom in love

Thou may'st deceive and false unto her prove;

Or when like unto *Carthage* canst thou build

A City, that doth store of people yeild?

If all things happen to thee prosperously,

Where wilt thou find so kind a wife as I?

Like a wax taper I burn with desire,

Or like sweet incense in the funeral fire;

An

And still I wish, *Aeneas* would but stay,
Aeneas I do think on night and day.
 He careless of my love, and gifts doth seem,
 Had I been wise, I had not car'd for him.
 Yet I cannot hate *Aeneas*, although he
 Doth plot some unkind dealing against me.
 Of thy unfaithfulness I do complain,
 Having complain'd, I love thee more again.
 Spare me, O *Venus*, since thou art his mother ;
 Help me, O *Cupid*, since thou art his brother ;
 Soften his heart, that he may milder prove,
 And be a souldier in the tents of love.
 And since to love him I think it no shame,
 O may he love me with a mutual flame !
 Thou art some false *Aeneas* I do find,
 Thou do'st not bear thy mothers gentle mind.
 Stones, Rocks, and Oakes are hard like to thy brest,
 More merciless than any salvage beast,
 Or than the seas, which winds do now incense,
 Yet with contrary winds thou wouldest go hence :
 Winter to stay thy journey hence assaies,
 Look how the Eastern winds the waves do raise !
 Then to the winds let me beholding be,
 Though for thy stay, I had rather owe to thee.
 But I see rugged seas, and blustering wind
 More just and gentle are, than thy false mind.
 To untimely death I would not have thee come,
 (Although deserv'd) while thou from me dost run.
 Is thy life so cheap, or hatred such at most,
 That thou wilt leave me, though thy life it cost ?
 The winds, and waves, their fury will appease,
 When *Trison* drives his blew steeds o're the seas.
 Would thy affections would change with the wind !
 They will, if thou bear'st not a cruel mind.

Had'st

Had'st thou not known the Seas, what wouldst thou do?
 Since having try'd it, thou wilt trust it too.
 Though to weigh Anchor the smooth sea perswade thee;
 Yet in the Ocean dangers may invade thee.
 The sea doth favour no unfaithful men,
 But for unfaithfulness doth punish them.
 Specially such as do their sweet-hearts wrong,
 Since naked *Venus* from the green sea sprung.
 I take care for him, that would me forsake,
 And am afraid the sea should thee ship-wrack.
 Live, for bad fame is worse then death can be,
 When the world shall say that thou hast kill'd me.
 Suppose a storm at sea should thee assail;
 Would not thy courage then begin to quail?
 Thy false oaths then would come into my mind,
 And *Dido* whom thou kill'd'st by being unkind,
 My bloody shape would hideously appear
 Before thy eyes, with loose long-spreading hairs
 Then thou wouldst say, this thundring storm is sent
 Justly, for my deserved punishment.
 Untill thou maist go safely, do but stay;
 It would comfort me, if thou wouldst delay
 Thy voyage; spare *Ascanius* thy son,
 Though I by thee to untimely death do come.
 What have *Ascanius*, or those gods deserv'd
 Drowning, which were by thee from fire preserv'd?
 But though thou bragd'st to me; yet I do fear,
 Thy gods and father thou didst never bear
 Upon thy shoulders, through the flaming fire;
 But I am jealous that thou wert a lyer;
 For I am not the first, whom thou didst wrong,
 Or first deceive with thy alluring tongue.
Ascanius mother too by thee was left,
 And thy unkindness her of life bereft.

Thou

Thou told'st me so much, which I now believe,
 And the sad story made my heart to grieve;
 And that the gods do hate thee it appears,
 VVho hadst wander'd by Sea and Land seven years;
 Drown'd by storms I did thee entertain,
 And gave thee all, ere I scarce knew thy name;
 And would that I had only been content
 To have entertain'd thee, and no further went.
 For I should happy be if Fame would die,
 And never tell how I with thee did lie.
 That day was fatal, when a showre us drave
 To meet together in a silent Cave.
 Me thought I heard the Nymphs begin to howle,
 The Furies at that present time did scowle.
 Now thou dost punish me for *Sichæus* sake,
 To whom my faith I then did violate,
 And sure my ghost will even blush for shame,
 VVhen after death we two do meet again.
Sichæus Statue in a sacred place
 Stands cover'd with leaves, and a woollen case:
 From whence me thought a hollow voice did say,
 And sometimes call *Elisa* Come away.
 I come, and yet the fault that I have done
 Is the cause that I am so slow to come.
 Pardon me, since that no base fellow wrought
 My ruine, and this may excuse my fault.
 Since he from *Venus* and *Achises* came,
 I hoped that he faithful would remain.
 And though I err'd, I had a good intent;
 Of his falshood, not my error I repent;
 But as at first, so now at last I find,
 "That fortune still doth prove to me unkind.
 My brother at the sacred Altar kill'd
 My husband, and his blood for wealth he spill'd,

And

And after like a banisht creature I
 From my own Country was enforce'd to fly.
 Scaping my brother, strangers here receiv'd me,
 And bought this land which I would have giv'n thee;
 And built this City, compassing it withall,
 Even round about with a defensive wall.
 Then sudden wars did me straightway invade,
 Before that I the City gates had made:
 And many suiters did of me approve,
 Who all did come to wooe, and win my love.
 Now to *Larbas* I yeild me up at leasure,
 Since thou hast obtain'd of me thy own pleasure.
 My brother in my blood desires to stain
 His hand, by whom my husband first was slain.
Aeneas, do not thou presume to touch
 The Altars of those gods, who would too much
 By thy presumptuous prayers be profan'd,
 "Lift not unto the gods an impure hand;
 For if to worship them thou shouldst aspire,
 They would be sorry that they scap'd the fire.
 And that I am with Child too it may be,
 And that the fruits of love new grow in me.
 And as thou hast the mother first undone,
 So to untimely death my babe shall come.
 So that *Ascanius* his unborn brother
 Shall die, like an unripe fruit in his mother.
 But *Mercury* for staying here hath chid thee,
 I would he had for coming too forbid thee.
 And I do wish the *Trojans* had ne're found,
 Nor landed on the *Carthaginian* ground.
 Tost with contrary winds, thou hast long time
 Soug't that land which *Apollo* did assign.
 To return to *Troy* thou wouldst not take such pain,
 If *Hector* liv'd, and *Troy* did stand again.

Thou seek not *Simoeis*, but swift *Tybris* River,
 And shalt be a stranger when thou comest thither ;
 Which thou shalt not discover, nor behold,
 Untill perhaps thou art in years grown old.
 But rather take this Kingdom, and the wealth
 Of *Pigmalion*, as a dowry to my self.
 Let ancient *Troy* in *Carthage* now remain,
 Take thou the Royal Scepter and here raigñ.
 If thou, or else thy young son *Julus* are,
 Desirous to get honour by the war ;
 Here thou shalt find a foe to overcome,
 For sometimes the red colours and the drum
 Do banish peace, therefore I intreate of thee
 As thou lov'st thy Countries gods, and company,
 Spare me ; I beg it by thy brothers darts,
 Young *Cupid* that doth wound all mortal hearts.
 So may thy *Trojans* still victorious be,
 And *Troys* destruction end thy misery.
 So may *Ascanius* in his youth be blest,
 So may *Achises* bones still softly rest.
 Though I offer thee my self, do not reject me ;
 What is my fault, but that I do affect thee ?
 I am not come of the *Mycenian* blood,
 By friends, or father, thou art not withstood.
 Or if to call me wife thou do'st disdain,
 Call me thy Hostess, I will take that name.
 Or with any other name thou shalt assign,
 I am content, so *Vido* may be thine.
 I know the seas, that bear the *Affrick* shoar,
 At certain seasons may be passed o're;
 When the wind stands fair, thou wilt sail away,
 Now thy ships in the weedy heaven stay.
 The time of thy departure let me know,
 Ile not stay thee, if thou desir'st to go.

But yet thy company desire some rest,
T'orrig, and trim thy torn ships were best.
O! if I have deserved any way
Of thee, I beg of thee a while to stay,
Untill the sea grow calme, and till my love
By use of time more temperate do prove,
That I may learn, by length of time to be
Valiant, in suffering of adversity.
If not, to kill my self is my intent,
If to be cruel to me thou art bent.
For I do wish, thou couldst behold or see,
In what sad posture I do write to thee.
One hand to write unto thee doth afford,
The other hand doth hold thy *Trojan* sword:
And down my cheeks the trickling tears do slide
On the sword, which shal with my blood be dy'd.
It was thy fatal gift, and it may be
To send me to my grave, thou gav'st it me;
And though this first do wound my outward part,
Yet cruel love long since did wound my heart.
O sister *Anna*, thou that counsell'd'st me
To yeeld to love, shalt now my funeral see.
On th'urne, to which my ashes they commit,
Elisa wife to *Sichæus* shall bewrit.
And these two verses shall engraven be
Upon the marble that doth cover me;
Aeneas did to me my death afford,
For *Dido* kill'd her self with his own sword.



The Argument of the eighth Epistle.

Hermione the daughter of Menelaus and Helena, was by Tyndarus her Grandfather by the mothers side, to whom Menelaus had committed the government of his house, while he went to Troy, betrothed to Orestes, the son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. Her father Menelaus not knowing thereof, had betrothed her to Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, who at last returned from the Trojan wars, stole

Stole away *Hermione*. But she hating *Pyrrhus*, and loving *Orestes*, admonishes him by this Letter, that she might be easily taken from *Pyrrhus*; and she obtained her desire. For *Orestes* being freed from his madness, for murdering *Agisthus* and his mother, he slew *Pyrrhus* in *Apollo's* Temple, and took her again.

HERMIONE to ORESTES.

Hermione writes to him that was of late
Her husband, now anothers wife by fate.

Pyrrhus, *Achilles* stout son takes delight
To keep me from thee against law and right.

I did strive with him, but my force did fail,
A womans strength could not gainst him prevail.

Pyrrhus, quoth I, what dost thou do? ere long,
My Lord on thee will surely revenge this wrong.

But of *Orestes* name he would not hear,
But drag'd me home even by my loosen'd hair.

Should the barbarous foe *Lacedaemon* take,
He could but thus of me a captive make.

And conquering *Greece* us'd not *Andromache*,
When they set fire of *Troy*, as he us'd me.

But *Orestes* if th'art toucht with this despight,
Then fetch me back again, I am thy right.

To fetch thy stollen cattel thou wilt go,
Why then to fetch thy wife art thou so slow?

By thy father why dost not example take?
Who by a just war did his wife fetch back.

Had he led in his Court an idle life,
Thy mother then had been young *Paris* wife.

If thou do come, thou needst not to provide
A fleet, or store of Souldiers beside;

Yet so I might be fetched back again,
A husband for his wife may war maintain.

And *Atreus* was Uncle unto either,
 So that thou art my husband and my brother.
 O ! husband then, and brother, help thou me,
 For these two names implore some help of thee.
 My grand-father *Tydeus*, grave in his life,
 Deliver'd me unto thee as thy wife.
 My father unto *Pyrrhus* promis'd me,
 But my grand-father would dispose of me.
 When I marry'd thee, I did to none belong,
 If *Pyrrhus* marry me, he doth thee wrong.
 My father will let us love, and enjoy,
 For he was wounded by the winged boy,
 And will permit us to love one another,
 In the like sort as he did love my mother.
 As he my mother's husband was, thou art
 My husband, *Pyrrhus* playeth *Paris* part.
 Though he boast deeds were by his father done,
 Thy father by his actions fame hath won.
Achilles did for a common souldier stand,
 But *Agamemnon* Captains did command.
Pelops, and his father thy Ancestors were,
 Thou art but five descents from *Jupiter*.
 Nor didst thou courage want, though thou didst kill
 Thy father ; and his precious blood didst spill ;
 Would thy valour had been happilier employ'd,
 Though he were unwillingly by thee destroy'd.
 For thou *Aegylus* kill'dst unluckily,
 And didst fulfill thy hapless fate thereby.
 When *Achilles* urgeth this one fault of thine,
 And before me doth make it a great crime :
 My blushing colour, and my heart doth rise,
 And my old love revives, and glowing lies
 Within my brest, if that *Orestes* be
 By any one accused 'to *Hermione*.

For then I have no strength in any part,
 As if a sword were thrust into my heart,
 I weep, and then my tears my anger show
 Which like two Rivers down my bosom flow.
 Plenty of tears I only have, which rise,
 Wetting my cheeks from the Springs of my eyes.
 And this sad fate, which happens unto me,
 Hath been the fortune of our family.
 I need not tell how *Jupiter* became,
 To deceive us, a fair and milk-white Swan.
 How *Hippodamia* in a strangers Chariot,
 Over the *Hellespont* was swiftly carried.
 My mother *Hellen*, in *Paris* took delight,
 For whom the *Grecians* ten whole years did fight.
 My Grandfather, my Sister and each brother
 Began to weep, for the loss of my mother;
 And *Leda* did her earnest prayers prefer
 Unto the gods, and to her *Jupiter*;
 While I did tear my hair and to her cry'd,
 Mother, must I without you here abide?
 And lest that I should not be thought to be
 Of *Peleus* most unhappy progeny;
 My mother being with *Paris* gone away,
 I unto *Pyrrhus* was soon made a prey.
 If *Achilles* had escap'd *Apollo's* bow,
 He would have then condemn'd his son, I know.
 He knew by *Briseis* loss, which he could not brook,
 That from their husbands wives should not be took,
 Why are the gods thus cruel unto me!
 What sad star rul'd at my Nativity?
 For in my younger years I was bereft
 Of my mother and was of my father left,
 Who went unto the wars, yet ne'r rethelss
 Although they liv'd, yet I was Parentless,

Nor could delight my mother, as you see
 Children will do, with stammering flattery;
 Nor round about her neck my weak armes clap,
 While she would fondly set me on her lap.
 Nor did she teach me how to dress my head,
 Nor did she bring me to my marriage bed.
 For when she did return (truth Ile not smother)
 I did not know her then to be my mother.
 I knew that she was *Helen* by her beauty,
 She knew not me when as I did my duty.
 'Mongst all these miseries I most happy am,
 That *Orestes* for my husband I did gain.
 Yet he, alas, shall from me taken be,
 Unless he do fight for himself and me:
Pyrrhus hath took me, and doth me enjoy,
 This is all I got by the fall of *Troy*.
 Yet while the Sun with his bright rayes doth shine,
 My sorrows are more gentle all that time.
 But when at night with grief I go to bed,
 And on my pillow rest my weary head;
 The tears, when I should entertain soft sleep,
 Spring in my eyes, and I begin to weep;
 And from my husbands side as far off lye,
 As if he were to me an enemy.
 Sometimes through grief forgetting where I am,
 I have toucht some part of *Pyrrhus*, and again
 I have pluckt back my hand, for I did grutch,
 That I his body with my hand should touch.
 Such was my hatred, that I did esteem
 My hands by touching him, had polluted been.
 And it doth often chance that I do call
Pyrrhus, *Orestes*, and it doth befall
 I love my error, as a high of luck,
 When I have thy name, for his name mistook,

By *Jupiter*, from whom our house did rise,
Who ruleth both the Sea, the Land, and skies,
I pray, by thy Fathers, and thy Uncles bones,
Which do rest underneath their marble stones,
That I may presently resign my life,
Or else may be once more *Orestes* wife.

The



The Argument of the ninth Epistle.

J*upiter* having joyned three nights in one, begot *Hercules* on *Alcmæna*, in the shape of her husband *Amphytrius*; *Eurythæus* King of the *Myrcians*, by *Juno's* subtilty perswades him to attempt difficult labours, so to endanger his life. Yet he by strength and policy, alwayes got the victory; and to obtain *Deianira* for his Wife, *Achælus* a River of *Ætolia*, after many changes of shapes, he overthrew in the

the figure of a Bull; yet though he overcame many Monsters, he was overcome by love. For *Eurytus*, King of *Oechalia* denying him his daughter *Iole*, formerly promised unto him, he took his City, slew *Eurytus* and obtained *Iole*, with whose love he was so blinded, that at her command he layd by his Lyons Skin and Club, and putting on Womens cloaths, sat and spun amongst her Maids; and was as subject to *Iole*, as he had been to *Omphale* Queen of *Lydia*, on whom he bore *Lamus*. His wife *Deianira* Daughter of *Oeneus* King of *Calydon*, understanding of his base and servile doctage, writes to him, and layes before him his former worthy acts, that this present disgrace by comparison with them, might appear more to the life. But as she was writing she understood of *Hercules* suffering, by the shirt she had sent him dypt in the blood of the *Centaurus Nessus*, to retain him from wandering affection (for so had *Nessus* perswaded her, whom in passing over the River *Evenus*, *Hercules* slew with a payson'd arrow) being much grieved hereat, she clears her self that she did not thereby intend his destruction, but the regaining of his love, and concludes with a Tragicall resolution.

DEIANIRA to HERCULES.

I Am glad thou *Oechalia* hast won,
For husbands honour doth the wife become.
But I am sorry that a Captives beauteous looke
Should take the conquerer, that hath her took.
When Fame the sad report at first did bring
To the Greek Cities on her nimble wing;
Me thought this action was not of the colour
Of those brave deeds, which shew thy glory fuller;
Whom *Juno*, nor her labours ever broke,
Iole made him yeild unto her yoke.
Eurytus is glad, and *Jupiters* wife,
To see this action blot thy fair spent life:
Nor can I think three nights were joyn'd in one
At thy begetting or conception.
Venus is worse then *Juno* thy step-dame,
For by oppressing thee she rais'd thy fame.

But

But *Venus* makes thee basely think it meet,
 To put thy humble neck beneath her feet.
 The world, environ'd round with the blew seas,
 Was settled by thy conquering hand in peace,
 By which both sea and land enjoy sweet rest,
 Thy fame is spread abroad from East to West.
Hercules strength, and *Atlasses* were even,
 For *Hercules* and *Atlas* bore up heaven.
 But if with lust thy former deeds thou stain,
 Thy glory turneth to thy great shame.
 In thy Cradle thou wert like unto thy father,
 When thou didst strangle two Snakes joyn'd together.
 Thy child-hood and thy man-hood I do see,
 But far unlike, and far most different be.
 Thy beginning was far better than thy end,
 The last act of thy life doth most offend.
 Wild beasts, and chimaes thou couldst overcome,
 But love the victory over thee hath won.
 Some think I am well married, because I am
 Wife to great *Hercules*; that very name
 Is happiness; besides my father-in-law
 Is *Jove*, whose thunder keeps the world in awe.
 But I am over-matched with thee now,
 Unequal Oxen awkwardly do plough.
 Thy honour like a burthen I do carry,
 "She's fitly matcht, that doth her equal marry.
 For *Hercules* is absent from me still,
 While he fierce monsters and wild beasts doth kill,
 Thus widowed, I offer sacrifice,
 Lest thou shouldst be slain by thy enemies.
 Me thinks I see how thou dost take delight,
 With Serpents, Boars, and Lyons still to fight:
 Strange visions in my sleep to me appear,
 And my dreams oft put me in fear.

Sometimes

Sometimes I do believe the common fame,
 Sometimes I hope, sometimes I fear again,
 My mother is from home, and doth complain,
 Because her beauty did a god enflame.
Amphytrio thy own father is from home,
 And little *Hyllus* also thy young son.
 I only do perceive *Euryfthem* hath
 Made thee a sacrifice to *Juno's* wrath.
 To perform labours he did thee persuade,
 Which done, the goddess's wrath is not allay'd.
 And to encrease my grief thou dost approve
 A captive maid, who is become thy love.
 I will not mention how thou didst dally
 With *Auge* in the sweet *Parthenian* valley.
 Or how the Nymph *Ormenes* was defil'd,
 And wantonly by thee was got with child:
 Nor will I urge it as a fault, not I,
 Thou didst with *Thespius* fifty daughters lye.
 That which grieves me was thy adultery,
 Which thou committedst with thy *Omphale*,
 And on her didst beget a bastard son,
 To whom I must a mother-in-law become.
 The winding River which they call *Meander*,
 Who in his turning banks about doth wander,
 Hath seen when *Hercules* a fine chain wore
 On those shoulders which heavens weight once bore.
 Didst thou not blush to wear a golden twist?
 Or bracelet made of pearl about thy wrist?
 Or that a golden bracelet should contain
 Thy brawny armes which had so stoutly slain
 The *Nemean* Lion, whose rough shaggy hide
 Thou didst wear on thy shoulder and left side?
 Nay besides this thou didst descend to wear
 A Coif, or Kerchiffe on thy stubborn hair.

It were more fit thy Temples had been crown'd;
 With victorious wreaths, than with a fillet bound,
 Yet as if thou wert some young girl, thou hast
 Worn *Omphale's* girdle round about thy waist.
 Thou thought'st not of fiery *Diomed* as then,
 Who fed his horses with the flesh of men.
 Had *Buſiris* seen thee drest thus, he would be
 Asham'd that he had been o'recome by thee.
Anteus may knock off his bolts, and chain,
 And set his neck at liberty again.
 For what captive is there with patience can
 Suffer under such an effeminate man?
 Besides, amongst the *Grecian* Maids ('tis said)
 That thou didst sit, and spin, and wert afraid,
 Lest thy mistress *Omphale*, when she espied thee,
 Idle by chance, should frown on thee, and chide thee.
 And thy victorious hands did not then scorn
 To spin, which once such labours did perform.
 For thou didst draw the thred with thy huge thumb,
 And gav'st account at night what thou hast spun.
 Sometimes as thou sat'st spinning, thou hast broke
 With boisterous handling, both thy wheel and rock:
 And like a poor unhappy wretch, 'tis said,
 That of thy mistress thou wert so afraid,
 That if she chid thee, thou wouldst trembling stand,
 For fear of swadling with a Holly wand;
 And to win favour, thou wouldst often tell
 Of thy labours, which thou ought'st to conceal:
 Discourſing unto her how thou hadst won
 Much honour, by those deeds which thou hadst done;
 How in thy childhood thou didst boldly tear
 The *Hydra's* speckled jawes, which hideous were;
 How thou didst kill the *Erimantibus* Boar,
 Which on the ground lay weltring in his goar.

And

And then of *Diomedes* didst relate,
 Who nail'd the heads of men upon his gate,
 Fatt'ning his pamper'd Horses with their flesh,
 Unill thou didst his cruelty suppress;
 And how thou leadst the monster *Cacus* slain,
 That kept his flocks upon the hills of Spain;
 And of three-headed *Cerberus* thou didst tell,
 Who by his snaky hair thou drag'dst from hell:
 And how the *Hydra* by thy hand was slain,
 Whose heads being lopt off would grow forth again.
 And of *Anteus*, whom thou crusht to death
 Between thy arms, and didst squeeze out his breath.
 And how the *Centaures* thou subdu'dst by force
 That were half men, and half like to a Horse.
 When thou wert in soft silken robes arrai'd,
 To tell these stories wert not thou dismay'd?
 Didst thou think whil'st thou didst thy labours tell,
 That a womans habit did become thee well?
 While *Omphale* hath took thy Lyons skin
 Away from thee, and dress'd her self therein,
 To boast now of thy valour it is vain,
 For *Omphale* in thy stead plays the man:
 For she in valour doth exceed thee far,
 Since she hath conquered the conquerour;
 And by subjecting thee, she now hath won
 The glory, which did unto thee belong.
 O shame to think! the skin which thou didst tear
 Off the Lyons ribs, thy *Omphale* doth wear;
 Thou art deceiv'd, 'tis not the Lyons spoil;
 Thou foil'dst the Lyon, she thy self doth foil;
 And she that only knoweth how to spin,
 To wear thy weapons also doth begin.
 She takes the conquering Club into her hand,
 And afterwards before her glass will stand,

Viewing

Viewing her self, to see what she hath done,
 If that her husbands weapons her become.
 I could not believe, when I heard it said,
 The sad report unto my heart convey'd
 Much grief; but now my wretched eyes beheld
 The Harlot *Jole*, that thy courage quell'd.
 Such are my wrongs, that I must need reveal
 My grief and sorrow I cannot conceal.
 Thou broughtst her through the City in despite;
 Because I should behold the hated sight;
 Not like a Captive, with her hair unbound,
 And a dejected look fixt on the ground;
 But of rich cloth of gold her garments were,
 Such as thy self in *Phrygia* did wear.
 She in her passage graciously did look
 On the people as if she had *Hercules* took;
 As if her father liv'd and did command
Oechalia, which was rais'd by thy hand.
Deianira it may be thou wilt forsake,
 And of thy former whore a wife wilt make;
 So that *Hymen* shall both joya the heart and hands
 Of *Hercules* and *Jole* in his bands.
 When in my mind these passages I behold,
 My hands and limbs with fear grow stiff and cold.
 In me thou formerly didst take delight,
 And for my sake two several times didst fight;
 Plucking off *Achilles* horn, who after
 Did hide his head in his own muddy water.
 And *Nessus* was slain by the poison'd head
 Of thy arrow, whose blood dy'd the River red.
 But O alas! I heard abroad by fame,
 Thou art tormented with much grief and pain,
 By the shirt dipt in his blood, which I sent thee,
 But yet indeed no harm at all I meant thee.

If it be so, then what am I become ?
 What is it that my furious love hath done ?
 O *Deianira* straight resolve to die,
 So end at once thy grief and misery.
 Shall this same poison'd shirt tear off his skin ?
 And wilt thou live that hath the causer bin
 Of all his torment ? No, though not my life,
 My death shall shew that I was *Hercules* wife.
 And, *Meleager*, I will shew thereby
 My self thy sister, I'm resolv'd to die.
 O unhappy fate ! *Oeneas* royal throne
 (My Father who is very aged grown)
Agrus hath, *Tydem* in forraign land
 Doth wander still, and in the fatal brand
Meleager perish'd, and my mother kill'd
 Her self, and with her hand her own blood spill'd.
 Then why doth *Deianira* doubt to die ?
 And so conclude this wicked Tragedy ;
 Yet this one suit to thee I only move ;
 And beg this of thee for our former love ;
 That thou wouldst not believe, or think I meant
 To procure thy death, by that gift I sent.
 For when the cruel *Centaure* bleeding lay
 With thy arrow in his brest, he then did say,
 This blood, if thou the vertue of it prove,
 Will cause affection, and procure true love.
 But now his treachery I have understood ;
 For I dipt a shirt into his poison'd blood ;
 And sent it, which hath caus'd thy misery ;
 O *Deianira* straight resolve to die.
 Farewell my Father, *George* too farewell,
 Farewell my brother and Country where I dwell.
 And I do bid farewell to the day-light,
 Of which my eyes shall never more have sight.

Farewell to *Byllas* my young little son,
Farewell my husband; Death, I come, I come.



The Argument of the tenth Epistle.

Menor the son of *Jupiter* and *Europa*, because the *Athenians* had treacherously slain his son *Androgeus*, enforced them by a long war to send him every year as a tribute, seven young Men, and a man

many young Virgins to be devoured by the *Minotaur*, which by *Daidalos* Art *Pasiphae* had by a Bull, while her husband *Minos* was at the *Athenian* wars. The lot falling on *Theseus*, he was sent amongst the rest; but *Ariadne* instructed him how to kill the *Minotaur*, and return again out of the *Labyrinth*, as *Cervallus* saith,

Errabunda regens tenui vestigia filo.

Guiding his steps, which she led,

By a Clew of slender thread.

Afterward *Theseus* departing from *Crete* with *Ariadne* and *Phaedra*, he arriv'd at the Isle *Naxos*, where *Bacchus* admonish'd him to leave *Ariadne*, and he accordingly left her when she was fast asleep: As soon as she awaked, she writ this Letter, complaining of *Theseus* cruelty and ingratitude, and in a pitiful manner intreats him to come back again, and take her into his ship.

ARIADNE to THESEUS.

I Have found all kindes of beasts much more milde
And gentle than thy self, who hast beguil'd
My trust: for it had been more safe for me,
To have believ'd a salvage beast, than thee.
This letter, *Theseus*, from thence doth come,
Where thou didst leave me, and away didst run;
When I was fast asleep, then thou didst leave me,
Watching that opportunity to deceive me:
It was at that time when the heavens strew
Upon the earth their sweet and pearly dew.
And the first waking birds did now begin,
In the cool boughs to tune their notes and sing:
I being half asleep and half awake,
Yet so much knowledge had, that for thy sake,
With my hand I felt about thy warm place,
Thinking indeed my *Theseus* to embrace:
I felt about the bed, but he was gone,
I felt about again, but there was none.
Then with my wretched hand I strook my breast,
And tore my loosen'd hair, that was undrest.

The Moon shin'd bright so that I looked o're
 To the sea-ward, but saw nothing but the shore ;
 Now here, and there confusedly I ran,
 The heavy sand did my swift feet detain :
 At last I called *Theseus* on the shore ;
 The hollow Rocks thy Name did back restore;
 The eccho call'd as many times as I,
 And seem'd to help me in my misery.
 There was a Mountain top with some few bushes,
 Under whose rocky sides the Sea still rushes:
 On it I clamber'd up, love gave me strength,
 Whence I could see far unto sea at length :
 From hence (for I the winds did cruel find)
 Discern'd a ship that sail'd with the North wind ;
 I saw it, or I thought I did behold
 It, which did make my heart half dead, and cold :
 Yet sorrow would not suffer me to lie
 Long in this Trance, but coming out of't I
 Cry'd out, O *Theseus* ! whither dost thou run ?
 Return, O *Theseus*, and to me back come,
 Turn back thy ship again for to take me,
 Thou wantest one yet of thy company.
 Thus did I cry, and strike my breast betwixt,
 While blows and words were both together mixt.
 Though thou could'st not hear me, yet I did stand
 Spreading my armes abroad upon the land,
 That thou might see me; and a white flag hung
 To make thee see me, who from me did'st run.
 Thy ship at last did sail quite out of my sight,
 And then the tears ran down my cheeks outright.
 For how could my sad eyes but chuse to weep,
 After thy sails out of my sight did slip ?
 Abroad I wander'd with loose flowing hair,
 Like women that by *Bacchus* enraged are.

Sometimes

Sometimes I looking unto sea would sit
 On a stone, as void as the stone of wit :
 Then to the bed I walkt, where he had lain,
 Which never should receive us more again ;
 And it a pleasure unto me did seem,
 To touch the warm place where thy limbs had been :
 And in the very place I down would lye,
 With weeping tears, and thus begin to cry :
 Sweet bed, we both have lain on thee together,
 As two lay down, two should have risen together.
 But I on this forsaken Isle am left,
 Of men and all humanity bereft.
 The sea encompasseth this Island round,
 No ship or Pilot from this Isle is bound.
 Suppose I could a ship and wind command,
 I dare not sail back to my Fathers land.
 Though my ship through the smooth sea did glide on,
 And winds stood fair, I am banisht from home,
 And from Crete, that a hundred Cities had,
 Where Jove was nursed when he was a lad.
 I betrai'd my Father by that plot I fram'd,
 And Country, where he long uprightly reignd.
 And lest thou in the Labyrinth hadst dy'd,
 Gave thee a Clue of thred thy steps to guide.
 By those past dangers thou didst swear to me,
 That thou, while I did live, would'st constant be.
 I live, and find thee false, if't may be said
 She lives, that by a false man is betray'd.
 Would thy Club had kill'd me, as't did my brother,
 Then in my death thou all my wrongs might'st smother.
 Now I conceive what I must suffer here,
 And what I may endure, doth urge my fear.
 A thousand shapes of death methinks I see,
 The fear of death is worse then death can be.

Now lest some Wolfe should come, I am in fear,
 Who with his greedy teeth my limbs should tear;
 Perhaps this land doth yellow Lyons breed,
 And cruel Tygers from this Isle proceed.
 Perhaps great sea-calves on the shore abide,
 Or else the sword may pierce my tender side.
 Or like a Captive I may be enchain'd,
 And unto servile labour be constrain'd;
 Whose Father *Minos* was, and whose Mother
 Was *Phæbus* daughter, which I need not smother,
 And that which rather should remember'd be,
 That I was once betrothed unto thee.
 If I look to the shore, the land or sea,
 The sea and land do seem to threaten me.
 If to heaven, to the gods I dare not pray,
 But I am left unto the wild beasts a prey.
 The men that here inhabit I distrust,
 Being deceiv'd by thee my fears are just.
 I wish now that *Androgeus* did live,
 Whose death occasion of that tax did give.
 I wish, O *Theseus*, thy Club had not slain
 The monster, half a beast, and half a man.
 Would I had not given thee a Clew of thred,
 By which thy steps in coming back were led.
 I wonder not thou got'st the victory,
 Or that this *Cretian* beast was slain by thee.
 Thou hadst an iron breast, which was so arm'd,
 So that thou couldst not by his hornes be harm'd.
 Sure an obdurate Adamant was in me,
 And *Theseus* was all o're as hard as flint.
 O cruel sleep! why did I slumbering lye?
 Would I had slept unto eternity.
 O cruel winds! why did ye stand so fair,
 As if ye did desire to breed my care?

O cruel hand of mine ! which hath slain me,
And my poor brother by infidelity.

My sleep, the wind, and thou, did all conspire,
And to betray a maid did all desire.

Now at my death my mother shall not weep,
Nor close mine eyes up in eternal sleep.

My hapless ghost shall wander in the ayre,
To embalm me my body no friend shall care.

Sea-Vultures shall upon my carcass light,
For I shall have at all no funeral Rite.

But unto *Athens* when thou art come home,

Then thou sitting upon thy royal Throne,
Shalt tell how thou the *Maenon* didst slay,

Out of the Labyrinth finding the right way ;

And tell amongst thy acts, how thou hast left
Me on this Island, of all help bereft.

Aegus, nor yet *Athra* cannot be

Thy Parents, Rocks were Parents unto thee.

If from thy ships decks thou hadst spied me,

My sad looks unto pity had mov'd thee.

Think now thou seest me standing on a Rock,

Whose chalky sides the beating waves do mock.

See how my hair is o're my shoulders spread,

My garments wet with tears, that I have shed.

And how my body trembling too and fro,

Like shaking corne, which the North wind doth blow ;

Or like some mis-shap'd Letter I do stand,

That hath been written by a trembling hand.

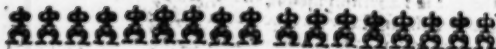
To urge my merit I dare not presume,

"No thanks are due to service that is done.

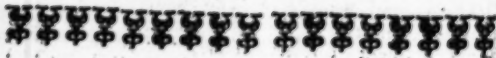
Yet there's no reason thou shouldst punish me

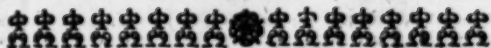
With death, because from death I saved thee.

To thee my hands I heave up and do spread,
Which with beating my breast are wearied.
I entreat thee by my hair, which I do spread,
And by my tears for thy unkindness shed,
Turn back thy ship, O *Theseus*, for my sake;
Though I am dead, my carcass with thee take,



Th





The Argument of the eleventh Epistle.

M*aeonius* and *Canace*, the son and daughter of *Aeolus*, King of the winds, did love one another, & thinking to colour over their incestuous fault with natural affection, *Canace* brought forth a son, and sending it out of the Court to be nurs'd abroad, the unhappy infant cryed, and so discovered it self to his Grandfather, who incens'd with his childrens wickedness, commanded the innocent infant to be

be cast forth unto Dogges: and by one of his guard sent a sword to *Canace*, as a silent remembrance of her desert, wherewith she killed her self, Yet before her death, she declares by this Epistle to *Macareus*, who was fled into the Temple of *Apello*, her own misfortune & entreating him to gather up the childes bones, and lay them with hers in the same Urne or funtral Pitcher.

CANACE to MACAREUS.

IF blotted Letters may be understood,
 Receive this Letter blotted with my blood.
 My right hand holds a pen, my left a sword,
 My paper lyes before me on the board.
 Thus *Canace* doth to her brother write,
 This posture yeilds my father much delight:
 Who I do wish would a spectator be,
 As he is Author of my Tragedy.
 Who fiercer then winds blowing from the East,
 With dry cheeks would behold my wounded breast.
 For since to rule the winds he hath commission,
 He's of his subjects cruel disposition.
 Over the Northern, and South winds he reignes;
 The wings of th' East and West winds he restrains,
 And yet although the winds he doth command,
 His sudden anger he cannot withstand.
 The Kingdom of the winds he can restrain,
 "But over his own vices cannot raighn.
 For what although my Ancestors have been
 Unto the gods and *Jupiter* akin?
 Now in my fearful hand I hold a sword,
 That fatal gift, which must my death afford,
 O *Macareus*, would that I had dy'd,
 Before we were in close embraces ty'd.
 More then a sister ought I did affect thee,
 More then a brother ought thou didst respect me.

For

For I did feel, how *Cupid* with his dart
 (Of whom I oft had heard) did wound my heart.
 My colour straightway did wax green and pale,
 My stomach to my meat began to fail.
 I could not sleep, the night did seem a year,
 I often sigh'd, when no body did hear.
 Yet why I sigh'd, I no cause could shew;
 I lov'd, and yet what love was did not know.
 My old Nurse found out how my pulse did move,
 And she first told me that I was in love:
 But when I blush'd with a down-cast look,
 Which silent signes she for confession took.
 But now the burthen of my swelling womb
 Grew heavy, being to full ripeness come.
 What herbs and medicines did not she, and I
 Use, to enforce abortive delivery,
 Conceal'd from thee? Yet Art could not prevail,
 The quickned child grew strong, our Art did fail.
 And now nine Moons were fully gone and past,
 The tenth in her bright Chariot made great hast.
 I know not whence my sudden gripes did grow:
 Nor what pains belong'd to childbirth did know:
 I cry'd out, but my Nurse my words did stay,
 And stopt my mouth, as I there crying lay.
 What shall I do? gripes force me to complain;
 But my Nurse, and fear of crying-out restrain.
 So that I did suppress my groans, and cries,
 And drunk the tears that flow'd down from my eyes.
 While thus *Lucina* did deny her aid,
 Fearing my fault in death should be betray'd.
 Thou by my side most lovingly didst lye,
 Tearing thy hair to see my misery;
 And with kind words thy sister thou didst cherish,
 Praying that two might not at one time perish.

And

And thou didst put me still in hope of life,
 Saying dear sister thou shalt be my wife.
 These words reviv'd me, when I was half dead,
 So that I presently was brought to bed.
 Thou didst rejoyce, but fear did me afright,
 To hide it from my father *Æolus* sight.
 The careful Nurse the new born childe did hide
 In Olive boughs, with swadling vine leaves ty'd :
 And so a solemn sacrifice did fain ;
 The people and my father believ'd the same.
 Being near the gate, the child that straight did cry,
 To his grandfather was betray'd thereby ;
Æolus tearing forth the child, discries
 Their cunning and pretended sacrifice.
 As the sea trembles when light winds do blow,
 Or as an Aspen leaf shakes to and fro,
 Even so my pale and trembling limbs did make
 The bed whereon I lay begin to shake.
 He comes to me, my fault he doth proclaim,
 And he could scarce from striking me contain.
 I could do nothing else but blush, and weep,
 My tongue ty'd up with fear did silent keep.
 He commanded my s^r should be straightway
 Cast forth, and made to beasts and birds a prey.
 And then it cry'd, so that you would have thought,
 His crying had his Grandfather besought
 To pity him : what grief it was to me,
 Dear brother, you may guess, when I did see,
 When I saw my childe carried to the Wood,
 To feed the mountain Wolves, that live by blood.
 When thus my child unto the woods was sent,
 My father out of my bed-chamber went.
 Then I did beat my tender breast at last,
 And tore my cheeks, his sentence being past.

When

When straightway one of my Fathers Guard came in,
And with a sad look did this message bring ;
Eolus sends this sword, and doth desire
Thee use it, as thy merit doth require.
His will (quoth I) be done, I'll use his sword,
My Fathers gift shall my sad death afford.
O Father, shall this sword the portion be,
And dowry which you mean to give to me ?
O *Hymen* put out thy deceived light,
And nimbly now betake thy self to fight:
Ye Furies bring your smoaky Torches all,
To light the wood at my sad funeral.
O sisters, may you far more happily marry
Than I, that by my own fault did miscarry.
Yet what could be my new-born babes offence,
Which might his Grandfather so much incense ?
Of death, alas, he could not worthy be :
For my offence, he's punished for me.
O Son ! thou breed'st thy mother much annoy,
No sooner bred, but beasts do thee destroy.
O Son the pledge of my unhappy love,
One day thy day of birth and death doth prove.
I had not time to imbalm thee with my tears,
Nor in thy funeral fire to throw thy hairs ;
To give thee one cold kiss I had no power,
For the wild greedy beasts did thee devour.
But I sweet child, will straightway die with thee,
I will not long a childless Parent be.
And thou, O brother, since it is in vain
For me to hope to see thee once again ;
Gather the small remainder, which the wild
And salvage beast have left of thy young child.
And with his mothers bones, let them have room,
Within one Urne, or in one narrow Tomb.

Weep

Weep at my funeral; who can reprove thee;
For shewing love to her that once did love thee;
And here at last I do entreat thee kill,
To perform thy unhappy sisters will;
For I will kill my self without delay,
And so my fathers hard command obey.



Th





The Argument of the twelfth Epistle.

Jason being a lusty comely young man: as soon as he arrived at Colchos, Medea the Daughter of Aëta King of Colchos, and Hecates, fancied and entertained him; and upon promise of marriage, instructed him how he should obtain the beauty he desired. Having gotten the golden Fleece, he fled away with Medea. Her father Aëta pursuing after them, she tears in pieces her brother Absyrtus limbs, whom she had

had taken with her, thereby to stay her father while he gathered up his Sons bones. And so at length safely arriving in *Thessaly*, *Iason* renewed his Father *Æson*'s age, by *Medea*'s help, who also made *Pollux*'s Daughters kill their Father. For pretending that she would make him young, as she had done *Æson*, she periwaded his Daughters, with a knife to let out all his old black blood, that she might infuse new fresh blood instead thereof. His Daughters having done so, *Pollux* straightway dyed; *Iason* hereupon, or for some other cause, repudiates *Medea*, and marries *Cressa* the daughter of *Creon* King of *Corinth*; *Medea* herewith enraged writes to *Iason*, expostulating with him of his ingratitude, and threatens speedy revenge, unless he receive her again.

MEDEA to JASON.

AT that time Queen of *Corinth* I did raign,
 When thou didst seek by my art help to gain,
 I wish my thred of life, which then was spun
 By the three sisters, had been cut and done;
 Then might *Medea* have dy'd innocent;
 My life since then hath been a punishment.
 Woe's me that ere the lusty youth of Greece
 Sail'd hither, for to fetch the golden Fleece.
 Would *Colchos* never had their *Argos* seen,
 Would the Grecians ne're on our shoar had been;
 Why was I with thy lovely brown hair took?
 Or with thy tempting tongue and comely look?
 Or at least when thy ship came to our shore,
 Bringing thy self, with gallants many more,
 I might have let thee run and found a death
 By those fiery Oxen with their flaming breath.
 I might have suffer'd thee to sow that seed,
 Whence armed men did spring up and proceed,
 That the sower might by his own tillage die,
 When each ear of corne did prove an enemy.

They

They had prevented then thy treachery,
 And kept me both from grief and misery.
 To upbraid thy ingratitude pleases me,
 In this alone I can triumph o're thee.
 For when thy ship arrived at the shore
 Of *Calchos*, where it nere had been before.
 O then *Medea* was beloved there
 Of thee, as thy new wife's beloved here.
 My father was as rich as hers; he reign'd
 O're *Corinth*, which 'twixt two Seas is contain'd.
 My father possess'd all the Land which lay
 Between *Pontus* and snowy *Scythia*.
 My father did thy *Grecians* entertain;
 Affording lodging to thee and thy train;
 I saw thee then, then did of thee enquire,
 And then thy love did set my heart on fire;
 I saw thee, and that sight to love did turn,
 While my heart did like a great Taper burn.
 Thy beauty drew me to my destin'd fate,
 And thy fair eyes my eyes did captivate
 Which thou perceiv'd'st, for who can love conceal?
 Whose glowing flame doth it own selfe reveale
 My father then commanded thee to yoke
 Those Oxen that were to the plough ne're brook
 For they were *Mars* his Oxen, whose horns were
 Sharp, and their breath did like a flame appear.
 They had brasse hoofs, and nostrils arm'd with brass;
 Blackt with the breath that through them did passe.
 And thou wert bid to sow in the large field
 That seed which did an armed rebeyle yield.
 Which sprung up, would assail thee straight again;
 Thou for thy harvest such a crop shouldst gain
 And thy last labour was to charm a sleep
 The Dragon, that the golden fleece did keep.

G

When

When *Aetes* said thus, you all straight rose,
 And every one much discontentment shewes.
 So that you did your purple seats forsake,
 And then the Table they away did take.
 Great *Creens* daughter thou didst now constrain,
 And *Circus* dowry could not help thee then.
 Sadly thou didst depart, and discontent,
 yet my weeping eyes on thee still were bent,
 And as thou wentst away this one word fell,
 In a soft murmur from my tongue; Farewell,
 And when I went to bed, I never slept,
 Wounded with love, all night I griev'd and wept.
 The fierce Bulls were alwayes before my eyes,
 And the Armed men which from the earth did rise;
 And then the watchfull Dragon did affright
 My senses, and was still before my sight.
 Thus love, and fear, my breast at once did trouble,
 My love of thee did make my fear to double.
 At last it chanced that early in the morning,
 My loving sister came and found me mourning,
 And lying on my face, with all my hair
 Loose spread, the pillow wet with many a tear,
 She and two sisters more did me invade,
 With fair entreaties, for to help and aid
Jason, and his *Thessalians*, who did want
 My assistance, I in love their suit did grant.
 There is a wood so dark with thick-leav'd trees,
 That the bright Sun but seldome through it sees:
 There doth a Chappel of *Diana's* stand,
 Whose golden statue there was rudely fram'd.
 I know not whether this place is by thee
 Forgotten, as thou hast forgotten me.
 VVe being thither come, thou then didst break
 Thy mind to me, and thus beganst to speak.

My life and fortunes are at thy command.
 My life and death are both within thy hand.
 you may let me perish if so be you will,
 But 'tis more noble to preserve then kill.
 Then by my present sorrows I entreat,
 Which you can ease, if you the word would speak.]
 By thy kindred, and uncle *Phobus*, who
 Sees all things that on earth we mortals do.
 By *Diana's* triple-face, and sacred rites,
 And Gods wherein this Nation delights.
 O Virgin have some pity at this time
 On me, and make me so for ever thine.
 And though I cannot hope the gods should be,
 So kind and favourable unto mee;
 yet if you would be pleased now to take
 A *Thessalian*, and him a husband make.
 Then I do promise, I will faithfull be,
 And vow, that I will marry none but thee.
 Let *Juno* be a witnesse to my vow,
 And *Diana* in whose Temp'e we are now.
 Thou took'st me by the hand, those words of thine
 A maidens fancy did straight way incline.
 For such thy language was, as soon did move
 My honest heart to entertain thy love.
 By thy deceitfull tears I was betrayed,
 For they had power to betray a Maid.
 So that the Bulls, whose breath like flames did smoke,
 I taught thee how to tame, and how to yoke.
 And thou did'st sow the Dragons teeth for seed,
 Whence armed men did spring up and proceed.
 I, that did give thee those securing arms,
 Grew pale to see those new-sprung men in arms.
 When straight those earth-bred brethren there in fight,
 Did slay each other in a bloody fight.

The watchful Dragon now the earth did sweep,
 While he upon his scaly breast did creep.
 Where was the Dowry of thy royal wife?
 Or King of *Corinth*? could they save thy life?
 No it was I, that now am thus rejected,
 And as a poor Enchantresse disrespected.
 I charm'd the Dragons flaming eyes asleep,
 That thou might'st get the Fleece which he did keep.
 My Father I betray'd and I forsook,
 My Countrey, and with thee a voyage took.
 Though my life a sad banishment should be,
 I was content to wander still with thee.
 Thou of my Maiden-head didst me deceive.
 Who my Mother and my Sister both did leave.
 Yet I left not my Brother; at that name,
 Me thinks my pen stands still for very shame;
 I fear to write that, which I did not fear
 To do, 'twas I that did in peeces tear,
 Thy scattered limbs, and when I had done so,
 Guilty of thy blood, unto Sea did go.
 And would the gods had drown'd us in the sea,
 Thou for deceit, I for credulity.
 I wou'd our ship, as it along had past,
 Our joyned bodies on some rock and dash't,
 Or breaking *Scylla* had devoured us then,
Scylla should punish such ungrateful men.
 I with *Carybdis* had then pleased been,
 With his round whirling waves to suck us in.
 But thou in safety art to *Thessaly* come,
 Offering the go'den-Fleece which thou hast won,
 Unto the gods. What should I mention
Pelias Daughters, whose intention
 I wrong'd and made their virgin hands to kill
 Their aged Father and his blood to spill?

Though

Though othes blame me, thou must praise me needs,
 Since from my love of thee my guilt proceeds.
 yet thou hast cast me off now ne're the lesse,
 O I want words, that may my grief expresse!
 When thou didst bid me go, I did obey
 Thy cruel doom, and forthwith went away
 With my two Children, forth along went I,
 And love, which always bears me company.
 But when I did of thy late marriage hear,
 Where *Hymens* Torches burnt bright and clear;
 And that new musick, with new marriage songs
 Proclaim'd your wedding, and thy unkind wrongs;
 I fear'd, and yet could not the news believe,
 yet a sad coldness to my breast did cleave.
 But when I heard them to *Hymen* cry,
 The more they cry'd, more was my misery.
 My servants wept, and yet they hid their tears,
 To bring this sad news to me each one fears.
 And I do wish I had not known it still.
 But yet my mind did prophesie some ill:
 When my young Son, desirous for to see
 Some novelty, as children use to be,
 Standing at the door, did begin to cry,
 Come Mother, see my Father passing by:
 My father *Iafus*, who in pomp doth ride
 In a Charriot, with his new married Bride;
 Then I did beat my Breast, my clothes I rent,
 To tear my cheeks, my fingers then were bent.
 My mind did urge me to revenge my wrong,
 And thrust my selfe among the Bridall throng.
 And having snatcht thy garland from thy head,
 My arms about thy middle to have spread;
 And took possession of that at that time,
 And to the people cry'd aloud, He's mine.

Father rejoyce, *Colchians* now be glad,
 My brothers ghost hath thete internals had,
 For now I am forsaken, left, and crost,
 My Country, Houle, and kingdome I have lost:
 Nay, I have lost my Husband too, and he
 Was a kingdome of contentment unto me.
 I that both Dragons, and wild Bulls could tame,
 Yet by one man am conquered again.
 I that could quench hot fire with learned charmes,
 Can't quench the fire of love which my breast warms
 My charmes and Art, and Potions do deceiue me
 And *Medes* witchcrafts cannot now relieue me.
 Me thinks that I do haue the dayes for light,
 And sorrow makes me lye awake all night,
 And seldome is my miserable brest
 With any quiet gentle sleep refreht.
 I made the Dragon fast asleep to fall,
 But Art hath on my left no power at all.
 A whore embraces him, whom I prefer'd,
 She reaps the fruit of that, which I deery'd,
 And perhaps, whil' st thou striv'st to please the care
 Of thy Bride, who thy boasting tales dost here
 With admiration, thou dost then disgrace,
 Either my behaviour, or homely face.
 While out of foolish pride she laughs at me,
 And doth rejoyce at my deformity.
 Let her laugh and lye down upon her quill,
 She shall weep when she hath my anger felt.
Medea will by word, or poyson be
 Revenged on her hated enemy.
 But if unto my prayers thou would'st attend,
 Unto entreaties I would now descend.
 I will a suppliant become to thee,
 Even at thy feet, as thou hast been to me.

If thou wilt not pity me, for my own sake,
Yet on my children some compassion take,
Their step-mother will most unkindly use them,
Nay, and perhaps most cruelly abuse them,
For they too much, alas, resemble thee,
In them thy living picture I can see.
And since they are of thee a living Type,
When I behold them, I am weeping ripe.
I intreat thee by the gods and the Sun
My Uncle, and by that which I have done!
For thy sake, and by my two Children dear,
Which the pledges of our true affection were;
Return to my bed, who left all for thee,
Be constant as thou didst promise to me.
Against fierce Bulls thy aid I do not seek,
Or to charm the watchfull Dragon fast asleep.
Thee I desire, whom I deserved have,
By Children had by thee, thee I do crave.
If thou desirest a Dowry, I did yeild
A Dowry which was told out in the field,
Which I did make thee plough, while thou didst stay
Only to bear the Golden Fleece away.
My Dowry was the Golden Ram, which had
This Golden Fleece, and was so richly clad.
This was my Dowry, and should I aske thee
To restore it back, thou wouldst deny it me.
My Dowry was the preserving thy selfe,
Can *Cress*s Daughter bring thee so much wealth?
That thou dost live and hast another Bride,
It was my gift, else thou hadst surely dy'd
And it was I, that gave thee life to be
Thus thanklesse, and ungrateful unto me.
I will revenge-- yet what doth it pertain
Unto revenge, if I my wrath proclaim?

And tell what punishments on you shall light?
 "The closest anger doth most deadly strike.
 I will follow as my rage doth lead me on.
 Though I repent the act when it is done.
 For I repent that I should e're preserve
 A man, that doth so ill of me deserve.
 The winged God hath seen from the blest skie
 My wrongs, my sorrows, and my injury.
 And with a rage he hath inspir'd my heart
 To plot, and act e're long some Tragick part.





The Argument of the thirteenth Epistle.

Protesilaus the Sonne of Iphiclus sayling, as *Homer* reports with forty ships to Troy, was shut up with the rest of the *Grecians*, in Aulis a Haven of *Boeotia*, which when his Wife *Laudamia*, the Daughter of *Acastus* and *Laudamas* understood, she dearly loving her Husband, and being troubled much with dreams writ this Epistle unto him: and admonished him to remember the Oracle, and abstain from the

WAITES.

warres. For the *Oracle* had given this answer to the *Greeians*, that he should perish, that first wear a *liose*, and set foot upon the *Trojan* ground: But courageous *Protesilaus* was the first that landed, and was slain by *Hektor*.

LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS.

L *Laodamia* doth to thee send health,
 Withing that she might come to thee her self.
 I hear that thou in *Aulis* art wind-bound,
 Would I had of the winds such favour found,
 To resist thy going hence, and hinder it,
 Then for the Sea to grow rough it was fit.
 Then I had kist thee oftener, and at large
 Had spoken more and given thee thy charge.
 But when the wind stood fair, thou couldst not stay,
 For it did drive thy swelling sails away.
 Thy Mariners had what they did require,
 It was not I, that did this wind desire.
 The wind that for the Mariners stood fair,
 Stood croſſe for thee, and I, that lovers were.
 And me from *Protesilaus* did divide
 while we were both in sweet embraces ty'd.
 My broken words short of my meaning fell,
 I scarce had time to speak this word, farewell.
 For the North wind thy hallov sailes did stretch,
 And from me did *Protesilaus* fetch.
 I lookt as long as I thy ship could see,
 And I did send a long look after thee.
 When thou wert out of sight, yet I could see
 Thy ship, and to behold it pleased me:
 But when both died, and thy swift sailing ship,
 Out of my sight did both together slip.
 A sudden darkness in my eyes I found,
 And presently I fell down in a swoond.

So that my mother and old *Asaſus* too,
 Although much diligence they both did ſhow,
 Could fetch me back to life, although at laſt,
 Cold water they into my face did caſt.
 Their needleſs love was thus expreſs'd, but I
 Am ſorry that they did not let me dyer
 For when my ſenſes did return again,
 My love returned too with a new flame;
 And chaſt affection could not ſpare my breaſt;
 "Thoſe who do love, muſt never hope to reſt."
 Now I took no delight to dreſs my hair,
 Nor to wear rich apparel took I care.
 And as thoſe women *Bacchus* hath inspir'd
 With a touch of his Viny ſtaffe, and fir'd
 Their boſomes, that they run now here, now there;
 Such did I in my furious rage appear,
 The talkin wives of *Phylace* did come
 To comfort me, and thus their ſpeech began.
Laudania courage take, put on
 Such royal robes as may your birth become.
 Alas! ſhall I in purple robes delight,
 While that my Husband at *Troy's* wall doth fight.
 Shall I my hair in curious manner dreſs,
 While a weighty Helmet doth his hair preſſe?
 Shall I in new apparel gay appear,
 While my Lord doth a Coat of Armour wear?
 While thou art at the wars, like one forlorne
 In careleſſe habit I at home will mourn
 O *Paris*, thou that waſt born to deſtroy
 With thy freſh beauty the old City *Troy*.
 As thou wert a wonton gueſt, mayſt thou be
 A coward, and a milk ſop enemy.
 Would *Helena* had not unto thee ſeem'd
 So fair, nor ſhe thy beauty ſo eſteem'd.

O *Mentlaus*, thou with earnest strife
 Dost labour to regain again thy wife.
 Woe's me, I fear thy sad revenge will make
 Many eyes weep, and many hearts to ake.
 The gods from all ill fortune us defend,
 That my returning Husband may commend
 His arms to *Jupiter*: but when I muse
 Or think upon the wars, I cannot chuse
 But weep, and down my cheeks the tears do run,
 Like snow when it is melted by the Sun.
 When of *Ilium* or *Tenedos* I hear,
 Those names do put me in a sudden fear.
 When of *Simois* and *Xanthus* I have heard,
 Or *Idas*, these strange names makes me afeard;
 Nor had *Paris* stole *Helen*, if at length
 He meant to resigne her, he knew his strength,
 For she did come in royal robes of Gold,
 Adorn'd with Jewels, glorious to behold.
 And with a warlike Fleet to *Troy* she came,
 The *Trojans* shew'd their great strength by her train,
 And as *Helen* was fetch'd by this Fleet,
 So I fear it should with the *Grecians* meet.
 There is one *Hector* of whom I do hear,
 A valiant man, and him I greatly fear.
 For *Paris* said that *Hector* should affright
 the *Grecians*, and begin the bloody fight.
 If I be she whom thou dost love most dear,
 Take heed of *Hector*, him I onely fear.
 His name doth fill my thought with much unrest,
 And is engrav'd upon my troubled breast.
 And as thou shunnest him, so also shun
 Others, for many *Hectors* thither come.
 And as oft as thou dost prepare to fight,
 Say to thy selfe these words which I do write:

Laodamia

Laudamia charg'd me care to take,
And keep my selfe from danger for her sake.
If the *Grecians* rase *Troy* unto the ground,
May'st thou come from the siege with ne're a wound.
Let *Menelaus* with the *Trojans* fight,
And take from *Paris Helena*, his right.
And when he chargeth on the enemy,
Let his good cause give him the victory
It behov'd *Menelaus* with four blows
To fetch his wife from the insulting foes;
But thy case unto his is far unlike,
And therefore I do wish thee so to fight,
That when the wars are done thou may'st return,
And in my loving bosome lie full warm.
You *Trojans* I intreat you to spare one
Of all those enemies against you come;
For every drop of blood that doth proceed
From his veins, from my veins doth also bleed.
Protesilaus no strong blows can strike
With his drawn sword, nor stand the Push of Pike;
Let *Menelaus* fight, whom rage doth move,
Let others fight, let *Protesilaus* love.
For I must needs confesse I had a mind
To have call'd him back, but no strength could find,
For my tongue stop'd, before the words were spoken,
And my speech broke off, which was but a bad token.
And at the threshold of thy fathers gate
Thy foot did stumble, and did trip thereat,
Which hath been always counted for a signe,
Whereby we may of some ill luck divine,
Which when I did behold I was afraid,
And thus unto my selfe in secret said:
I hope the stumbling of his foot shall be,
A signe, my Husband shall return to me.

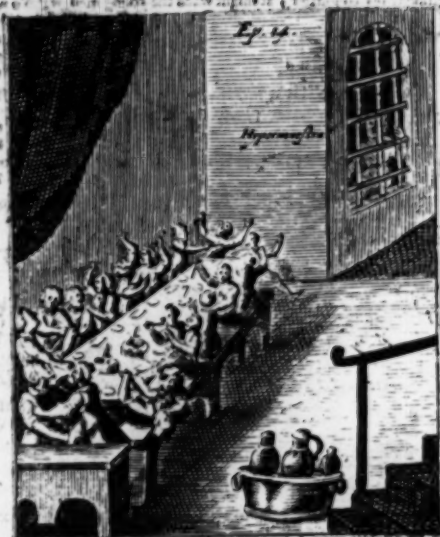
These

These things unto thee I do now relate,
 That I thy courage may thereby abate.
 And I do wish, that I at last may find,
 The fears are vain, which now molest my mind.
 Besides the *Oracles* say, he who shall
 Land first upon the *Trojan* ground, shall fall
 First by the sword unhappy sure is he,
 That by the wars shall the first widow be.
 Heaven defend thee, that thou may'st not shew
 Thy valour, lest thy valour I do rue.
 Let thy ship be the last to shore doth stand,
 Let thy ship be the last doth come to land.
 Of all that goes on shore be thou the last,
 Vnto thy Fathers land thou dost not hast.
 But when thou comest back, then do not fail
 To use thy Oares, and clap on all thy sail.
 Then make thou hast to come out of thy ship,
 And on the welcome shore most nimbly skip.
 When *Phæbus* lyeth hid or si line most bright,
 I think upon thee both by day and night,
 yet more on thee by night than day, for night
 Is the sweet time, that yeildeth Mai's delight.
 For then they lye within their Sweet-hearts arm,
 Who with their close embraces keep them warm;
 VVhile in my widows bed I lye at pleasure,
 VVanting true joy, I think on former leasure.
 And then a dream doth yeild me some delight,
 Sometimes again my dreams do me affright.
 Me-thinks I see thee with a visage pale,
 Telling to me a sad and mournful tale.
 Then waking out of my black dream, I rise,
 And for thy safety offer sacrifice
 VVith Frankincense, which I with tears bedew,
 So that in burning, it doth brighter shew.

As when we pour oyle to a dying flame,
 It doth begin to rise, and blaze again.
 O when will that most happy season come?
 That I shall embrace thee at coming home,
 With such a sweet excess of joy, till I
 Languish with pleasure, and embracing dye.
 When wilt thou tell me, when we are a bed,
 How many thou in war hast conquered?
 And in the midd^lst of thy sweet story leave,
 To kisse me, and a kisse from me receive;
 While that a kisse is the full point to stay
 Thy speech, refreshed by this sweet delay.
 But when I think of *Troy*, the seas and wind,
 Then fear doth drive all hope out of my mind;
 And I do fear, because thy ships are stag'd
 By winds, as if to stay thee they assay'd
 Who will sayl with crosse wind to his own land?
 Thou from thy Country sail'st, when winds withstand;
Neptune will not permit you for to come
 Unto his City, and therefore come home.
 Spare going (*Grecians*) the winds do forbid,
 And some divine power in the wind is hid,
 By these warres you seek only to regain
 An adulteresse, O turn your ships again.
 But why should I recall thee back thus now
 Let calm winds smooth again the Seas rough brow
 I envy now the *Trojan* Dames, who shall
 With grief behold their husbands funeral.
 On her husbands head the new married Bride
 Shall put a Helmet, and when she hath ty'd
 His armour close unto him, and doth mak
 Him ready, she a kisse from him shall take:
 Such dutiful employment is a blisse,
 Her service is rewarded with a kisse.

And

And being arm'd comp'eatly, then at large
She may give to him a most loving charge;
Charging him as he tendreth her love,
To return, and offer his arms to *Jove*.
And he obeying her command will be
Care'ull to fight abroad more warily.
And when he cometh home, she will unlace
His helmet, and him in her arms embrace.
To me in absence, fear doth sorrow bring,
And I conceive the worst of every thing,
yet while that thou unto the wars art gone,
I have thy Picture made in wax at home.
And fondly unto it I often talk,
And do embrace it, as by it I walk.
Thy shape in it so lively doth appear,
Could it speak, it *Protesilaus* were.
On it I look, and often it behold,
And for thy sake do in my arms enfold;
And to thy Picture often I complain,
As if thy Picture could reply again:
By thee in whom my Soul alone delights,
By our true love, and equal marriage rites;
And by thy life which I do wish you may
Bring back, although thy hair be turned gray?
I vow if thou pleasest to send to me,
I will obey, and straight way come to thee,
For whether thou dost chance to live or die,
In life or death j'll bear thee company.
Of my Letter this shall the conclusion be,
Take care of thy self if thou car'st for me.



The Argument of the fourteenth Epistle.

Darius the Sonne of *Bala*, had by severall Women fifty Daughters unto whom his brother *Aggeus* desired to marry his fifty Sonnes, but *Darius* having been informed by the Oracle, that he should dye by the hands of a Sonne in Law, to avoid that danger he takes ship, and sayles to *Argos*, *Aggeus* being angry because he had despised his offer, sent his Sonnes with an Army to besiege him charging

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charging them not to return, until they had slain *Daneus*, or man-
 ried his Daughters. He ordered, by Law, to lock up his Daugh-
 ters, where with the sword which their father had given them, ac-
 cording to his command, at night when the young men warm'd with
 wine and jollity were fallen fast asleep, every one killed her hus-
 band, except *Hypermetra* onely, who out of Compassion spread
 and preserved her husband *Linus*, whom *Eusebius* call'd *Linus*
 advising him to return to his father *Aegyptus* and discovered the
 conspiracy. But her Father *Daneus* perceiving that all his Daugh-
 ters had executed his will with bloody obediencer, excepting *Hyper-
 metra*, he commanded her to be kept in Prison. Whereupon in this
 Epistle she entreats her Uncle and Husband *Linus*, whom she had
 preferred, either to help her, and free her from her Captivity or if
 she dye to see her honourably buried. But at last *Linus* killed *Daneus*
 and set her at liberty.

HYPERMNESTRA to LINUS.

Hypermetra sends to thee who dost remain
 Of many brothers by their own Wives slain,
 I for thy sake am in close prison pent,
 And for saving thee do endure punishment.
 I am guilty because I did spare thy blood,
 "A prosperous wickedness is counted good,
 yet I repent not, since that I had rather
 Keep my father from blood, than please my father.
 Though my father in that sacred fire may,
 Burn me, which we toucht on our wedding day,
 Or with thoe Torches he may burn my face,
 Which on our wedding-day did brightly blaze.
 Or although he do kill me with that sword,
 Because to kill thee I could not afford.
 He shall not make me say, that I repent
 Of a good work, it is not my intent
 I am griev'd for my sisters cruel fate,
 "For sad repentance follows a bad act.

The sad remembrance of that bloody night,
 Makes my heart and hand tremble while I write.
 My husband could not by my hand have dy'd
 Which shakes; while I this murder would describe;
 yet I will try, it was about twilight,
 Which endeth day, and doth begin the night,
 When as we fifty sisters were brought all;
 With royal state into the Cast's hall.
 Whereas *Egyptus*, without dread or fear,
 Received us for his Daughters who arriv'd were.
 The flaming Tapers shin'd like stars in Heaven;
 And sweet incense unto the fire was given.
 The common people did on *Hymen* cry,
 But from this fatal marriage he did fly,
 And *Juno* did from her own City run;
 Fair *Argos* that she might this wedding shun;
 And now the young mens drunken heads were bound
 About with flowers, and with Garlands crown'd.
 The Bridemen with great joy, dreading no danger,
 Did bring them to their fatal Bridall chamber,
 And laid their heavy bodies on the bed,
 On which they were like funeral hearies spread
 They being now with wine and sleep opprest,
 And all the City quiet and at rest,
 Me thought the groans of dying men I heard,
 And so it was whereat I grew afraid
 So that my warm blood and my colour fled,
 And left my body cold upon the bed,
 As soft and gentle western wines do make
 The Corn to move and *Aspie* leaves to shake
 So I trembled, while thou laidst at that time
 Entranc'd with drinking sleep-procuring wine.
 Thinking to obey my fathers sad command
 I sat up, and took the sword in my hand;

The truth I speak, three times I rais'd the sword
 To strike, and yet it strikes my hand abhor'd
 My father's command did my courage whet
 So that his sword, unto thy throat I set.
 But fear and love would not let me proceed
 My chaste hand would not lift that tragick deed.
 Then off my hair I tore, the flaxen wealth
 And softly thus did reason with thy selfe:
Hyperminstra, thou hast a cruell father,
 Therefore obey his commands the rather,
 Take courage, and obey thy fathers will,
 And boldly with the rest thy Husband kill.
 yet since I am a young maid, my hands be
 Unfit to act a bloody tragedy
 yet imitate thy sisters now again:
 VWho have by this time a their husbands slain:
 yet if this and a murder could commit,
 To stain it with my own blood it were fit.
 Do they deserve death, because they pillesse
 Our father's Kingdome? which yet he rethelless
 Some strangers might from him away have carried,
 As dowries given them when we were married.
 Though they deserve death, what shall we do lesse,
 If we commit this deed of wickednesse?
 Maids do not love a sword, or killing tool.
 My fingers fitter are to spin soft wooll,
 Having thus complain'd, my tears began to rise
 And dropped on thy body from my eyes.
 And while thy arms about me thou didst our,
 Thy hand though with the sword hadst almost put.
 And lest my father should surprize and take thee,
 With these words I did suddenly awake thee.
 Rise *Lonus* who dost now alone survive,
 Of all thy brethren none are left alive:

Make hast, I say, beake thy selfe to flight,
 Make haste, or else thou wilt be slain to night,
 Awak'd from sleep, thou didst amazed stand,
 To see the glittering sword shine in my hand;
 And I did wish thee (or to fly away
 By night and save thy selfe, while I did stay.
 In the morning when Danaus came to view
 His sons, which his most bloudy daughters slew
 He saw them laid in death's eternal number,
 Yet one was wanting to make up the number:
 And angry, that so little blood was spill'd,
 Because I my Husband had not kill'd;
 My father without any love or care,
 Drag'd me along even by my flaxen hair.
 And straight way did command, I should be cast
 Into prison, this was my reward at last.
 For I was still on us doth bend her brow,
 Since I was transform'd into a Cow.
 yet punishment enough by her was born,
 when I was did her to a Cow transform.
 When she that was so fair could not in height
 Of pleasure yield great Iupiter delight,
 On the bank of the River Inachus now,
 She stood, cloth'd in the shape of a white Cow,
 While in her fathers stream both clear and cold,
 The shadow of her horns she did behold;
 And low'd aloud, when she to speak assai'd.
 Her shape and voice did make her both afraid
 Why dost thou fly from thy own selfe alas,
 Or admire thy shape in that watry glasse?
 Thus she that was great Iupiters chief Lasse,
 Is enforc'd to feed on dry leaves and grasse,
 Thou drink'st spring-water, and art in amaze
 When on thy shadow thou dost look and gaze.

And of those spreading horns which thou dost bear
 Upon thy head, thou seem'st to stand in fear
 And she whose beauty *Jupiter* did wound,
 Now lyeth every night on the bare ground,
 O're hills and rivers thou abroad dost stray,
 O're seas and countries thou dost find thy way.
 And yet O *Is* thou canst not escape,
 Or changing places, change thy outward shape.
 Thy selfe doth always bear thee company;
 Where *Nile* seven streams to the sea run,
 There she unto her former shape did come
 But why should I such ancient tales relate;
 I have cause to complain of my own fate.
 My Father and my Uncle do wage war,
 And we out of our kingdom banisht are;
 And he our royal Scepter now doth sway,
 While miserable we like pilgrims stray:
 Of fifty brethren thou alone art left,
 For their deaths, and my sisters I have wept.
 My sisters and my brothers both slain were,
 For whose sakes, I can't chuse but shed a tear.
 And because thou in safety dost survive
 To be tormented I am kept alive.
 What punishment shall they expect that be
 Guilty; when they for goodness condemn me
 And I must die, because I would not spill
 My brothers blood, and cruelly him kill.
 If therefore thou respectest me thy wife.
 Or lovest me, because I sav'd thy life;
 Help me, or if I die, I thee desire,
 To lay my body on the funeral fire.
 Embalm my bangs with thy moist tears, and then
 See that thou carefully do bury them.

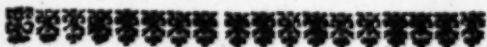
And

And let this Epitaph be engraved on
My Sepulcher, or on my Marble-Stone.
"Hypocrites here underneath doth lye,
"That was ill rewarded for her piety.
"For she most like unto a faithful wife,
"Did lose her own to save her husbands life.
My trembling hand is tired with the weight
Of Chaines, or else I would more largely write.



H 4

The





The Argument of the fifteenth Epistle.

Paris, otherwise called *Alexander*, saying to *Lacedaemon* to fetch *Helena*, which *Venus* had promised him, was honourably received by *Menelaus*, but *Menelaus* and *Menas* kindred going to *Greece*, to divide *Atreus* his wealth, left *Paris* at home, charging his wife to use him with as much respect as himself. But *Paris* improving the opportunity, began to woo and court *Helena* to gain her love. In this

this Epistle he artificially discovers his affection, and with amorous boasting endeavours to insinuate into her affection. And because he knew that women love to hear their birth and beauty praised, Paris endeavours by flattery to gain her favour, urging her praises, and striving to disgrace her husband. And at last persuades her to go with him to Troy where he would keep her by force.

PARIS to HELENA.

Paris sweet Helen, wisbeth health to thee,
That health which you can onely give to me.
Shall I speak, or need no: I my flame reveale?
you know I love you, nor can I conceal
My love which I coul' with might hidden be,
Till time did give the opportunity,
VVithout all fear most freely to discover,
My selfe to be your faithful constant Lover.
But yet who can the fire of love conceal?
Which by its own light doth it selfe reveal,
yet if thou look'st that I my grief should name,
Then know I love thee, these lines shew my flame.
And I intreat you to have pity on me,
Because my present sufferings proceed from thee.
VVith a frowning countenance read not the rest,
But such as may become thy beauty best.
Thy receipt of my Letters joyeth me,
And cherish hope that I at last shall be
Receiv'd into thy favour which I wish,
That Venus may her promise keep in this.
For Loves fair Mother first perswaded me,
To take this journey, in hope to gain thee;
And lest thou should'st through ignorance offend,
By divine appointment I came to this end.
Venus perswaded me to undertake
This journey, which she would propitious make.

For

For since that *Venus* promis'd me, that you
 Should be my wife, I challenge it as due,
 For her persuasions made me to take ship
 From *Troy*, and unto *Lacedemon* ship.
 And she did make the wind most fair to stand,
 She that's sprung from the sea might it command
 And as she smooth'd the sea, and ca'm'd the wind,
 So may she make thy breast most soft and kind.
 I did not find love here, I broug't the flame,
 With me, and to obtain thy love I came.
 By wandering storms I was not hither drove
 My ship was guided hither by true love.
 Nor came I hither like a merchant man,
 I have wealth enough, the gods it maintain,
 Nor yet the *Grecian* Cities here to view,
 For richer in my kingdom I can shew.
 'Tis thee I aske, 'Tis thee I only crave,
 Whom *Venus* promis'd me that I should have.
 I askt thee of her when I did not know thee,
 She promis'd that she would on me bestow thee,
 For of thy beauty I had heard by fame,
 Before mine eye had e're beheld the same.
 yet 'tis no wonder, if that *Cupid's* Bow,
 With feathered arrows makes me cry *Ame*:
 Since by unchanged fates it's so ordain'd,
 Then do not thou their hidden will withstand.
 And that you may beleeve it is my fate,
 Receive the truth, which I will here relate.
 When that my mother was with child,
 And daily did expect delivery,
 She dream't, for in her dream it so did seem,
 That of a fire-brand she had deliver'd been.
 She rises, and to *Pyram* doth unfold
 Her dream, which he unto his Prophets told.

Who

Who straight foretold that *Paris* should destroy,
 And like a kindled brand set fire on *Troy*.
 But I do think they rather might divine,
 That brand did signifie this love of mine.
 And though I like a *Shepherds* son was bred,
 My shape, and spirit soon discovered
 That I had not been born the son of earth,
 But that I claim'd Nobility by birth.
 In the *Troy* valleys there's a place,
 Which many trees with a cold shade do grace.
 Wherein no Sheep do feed nor any Oxe.
 Nor Goats, that love to climb upon high Rocks,
 Here looking towards *Troy*, and to the Sea,
 I stood and lean'd my selfe against a tree.
 The truth I tell, me thought the earth then shook,
 As if oppressed with some heavy foot,
 And presently swift *Mercury* from the skies,
 Descended down and stood before mine eyes,
 And therefore what I saw I may unfold,
 The God had in his hand a rod of Gold.
 And three goddesses, *Venus*, *Juno*, *Pallas*,
 Did set their tender feet upon the grasse
 Then cold amazement stilled my long hair,
 But winged *Mercurie* bid me not to fear.
 "Thou art, says he, chosen to judge and end
 "The matter, 'twixt these goddesses, who contend
 "About their beauty, say they, which shall be
 "Accounted the most beautiful of three
 This message I from *Jupiter* do bring,
 Which having said, he from the earth did spring.
 And through the air did a quick passage make,
 And by his words I did more courage take.
 So that my mind more fortified grew,
 And dreadlesse I each one of them did view,

VWho

Who unto me so beautifull did appear,
 I could not judge which of them fairest were,
 yet one of them my fancy did approve,
 Her beauty shew'd she was the Queen of Love,
 But they con'ending which should fairest be,
 Did all with most rich gifts sollicite me.
Juno did fairly promise I should be,
 A mighty Monarch, *Pallas* promis'd me
 Learning so that a doubt did now arise,
 Whether I would chuse to be great or wise.
 But *Venus* smiling then, *Paris*, says she,
 Those gifts of theirs but glorious troubles be
 I'll give thee *Helena* thou shalt hereafter
 In thy arms embrace *Leda's* fair daughter.
 Thus both her gift, and beauty conquer'd me,
 So that to her I gave the victory.
 And afterwards my fate so kind was grown,
 That now to be the Kings son I was known,
 At my instalment all the Courts did joy,
 Kept in a yearly festival in *Troy*
 And as I lov'd I was belov'd of many,
 But for thy sake I would not match with any.
 Kings and Dukes daughters did of me approve,
 And fairest Nymphs with me did fall in love,
 yet all of them were but despis'd of me,
 After I had this hope of marrying thee.
 Day and night in my mind I thee did keep,
 And thinking on thee I should fall all asleepe
 How comely would thy presence sure have been
 Whose beauty wounded me a though unseen;
 I was enflamed with a strange desire,
 Burning when I was absent from the fire.
 My hopes I could no longer now contain,
 But to sea put forth, my wish to obtain;

And

And now the lofty Phrygian Pines I fell'd,
 And trees for building ships most fixing held.
 The woods of *Gargara*, and *Ida* did yield,
 Great store of trees, wherewith I ships did build.
 I built their decks, and lined the ships side
 With planks of Oak, which might a storm abide;
 And did rig, and tackle them beside.
 With ropes, and sayles which to the yards were ty'd,
 And I did set on the stern of the ship,
 The Image of those Gods which did it keep,
 And on my own ship I did make them paine
Venus and *Cupid* that it might not want
 Her safe protection, who had promis'd me,
 By her assistance I should marry thee.
 Soon as my fleet was builded thus and fram'd,
 To sea I presently resolv'd to stand
 My father and Mother, when I did require
 Their leave to go, would not grant my desire,
 Or licence me, and therefore to have staid
 My intended journey, both of them assaid.
 My Sister *Cassandra* with loosned hair,
 When as my Ships even weighing anchor were,
 Said, whither goest thou; thou shalt bring again,
 By crossing the seas, a destroying flame
 The truth she said; for I have found a fire,
 Love hath enflam'd my soft breast with desire,
 A fair wind from the Port my sails did drive,
 And I in *Helena* Countrey did arrive,
 Where thy Husband did me much kindness show:
 And sure the gods decreed it should be so.
 He shew'd me all that worthy was of sight
 In *Lacedemon* to breed me delight.
 But there was nothing that my fancy took,
 But onely thee and thy sweet beauteous look:

For

For when I saw thee I was even amaz'd.
 My heart was wounded while on thee I gaz'd,
 For I remember *Venus* was like thee,
 When she would have her beauty judg'd by me.
 And if thou hadst contended with her, I
 Had surely given thee the victory.
 For the report of thee abroad was blown;
 Thy beauty was in every Country known.
 For through all Nations where the Sun doth rise,
 Thy beauty onely bear away the prize.
 Believe me, fame did not report so much
 As thou deserv'st, thy beauty seemeth such,
 That *Tees* did not thy love disdain,
 And to steal thee away did think't no shame
 When suiting to the *Lateæmonian* fashion,
 Thou didst sport with the young men of thy Nation,
 In stealing thee I like his just desire,
 But how he could restore thee I admire.
 For such a beauteous prey had sure deserv'd,
 To have been kept and constantly preserv'd,
 For before thou shouldst been took from my bed,
 Before I would loose thee, I would loose my head:
 O! alas, could I have e'er so forgot thee,
 Or while I liv'd have let thee been took from me?
 Yet if I must restore thee needs at last,
 I would have yet presum'd to touch, and taste
 The golden apples of thy Virgin tree?
 And not send thee back with Virginitie,
 Or if that I had spar'd thy Virgin treasures
 I would have rited some other pleasures.
 Then grant thy love to *Paris*, who will be,
 While I live most constant unto thee.
 I will be constant to your own desire,
 My love and life shall both at once expire.

Before

Before great kingdoms I preserved thee,
 Which royall *Juno* promis'd unto me.
 And learning, *Pallas* gift, I did refuse,
 And to enjoy thy sweet selfe I did chuse.
 When *Luna*, *Venus*, and fair *Pallas* too,
 Their naked bodies unto me did shew,
 And in the *Ideen* valley, did not grudge,
 In case of beauty to make me their Judge,
 yet I do not repent of my election,
 My mind is constant to my first affection.
 I beseech thee let not my hope prove vain,
 Who spar'd no labour in hope thee to gain.
 Beneath your selfe you need not to decline,
 your birth is noble, so is also mine,
 So that if we do match, you cannot fail
 Beneath your birth, or be disgrac'd at all.
 For if you search into my pedigree,
Iove and *Alethea* are of kin to me,
 And my father *Priam* doth the Scepter sway,
 Of the great'st kingdom in all *Asia*.
 Many Cities and fair Houses thou shalt see,
 And Temples suiting be gods Majestic.
 Thou shalt see *Troy*, with Towers encompass'd round,
 Whose walls *Achilles* Harpe at first did sound.
 Besides there are such store of people there,
 The Land the people cannot hardly bear,
 Great troops of *Trojans* Marrons thou shalt meet
 And store of *Trojan* wives in every street.
 The poverty of *Greece* thou wilt then pity,
 When thou seest one house as rich as a City,
 yet *Spiria* I cannot condemn with scorn,
 Because thou in that happy Land wert born.
 But *Sparta* is poor, and cannot afford thee
 Dressings, which with thy beauty may agree.

The

That face of thine ought not to be content
 With some common, but a curious ornament,
 And it is fit, thou shouldst the old lay by,
 And every day wear some fresh rarity.
 When the habit of the Trojans you do see,
 You may think womens habits richer be.
 Then *Hele*-grant *the* love not disdain,
 A Trojan, who thy favour would obtain,
 He was a Trojan from outblood descended,
 Who with this Heavenly office was befriended.
 To fill *Jove* Cup, and with water ally
 The strength of his Nectar and Ambrosia.
 A Trojan in *Aurora* took delight,
 Who doth begin the day, conclude the night
Anchises was descended to from *Tray*,
 Whom the Queen of Love desired to enjoy,
 And did descend in the *Idéal* Vally,
 In amorous ways to sport with him and dally
 I am a Trojan too, and if in truth,
 You should compare my beauty and my youth
 With *Menelaus*; I suppose that he,
 Should not in your choice be prefer'd to me,
 By matching with me, tho' male not be
 To such as bloudy *Atreus* hat I bin,
 Who with the flesh of men his Horses fed,
 From which sight the Suns frighted Horses fled.
 My Grandfather did not his Brother kill,
 As *Menelaus* Grandfather, who did spill
Myrtilus blood, who being murder'd so,
 He into the *Myrman*-sea did throw.
 Nor yet our great Grandfather catcheth after,
 (Like unto *Tantalus* in the *Syrian* water)
 Apples and water, which are both so nigh
 His lips, and yet from his touch'd lips do flie,

yet if from them thou hadst defended been,
 Jove would me with to be so there a kin.
 yet unworthy *Meneas* takes delight
 in thee, and doth enjoy thee every night.
 I scarcely can behold thee at the Table,
 And there to look on thee I am not able;
 For at that very time I observe and find
 Many things, that do much offend my mind.
 For when the banquet is brought in then I
 Do with my room unto my chemy.
 For it doth grieve me when I do behold
 How with his armes he doth thy neck infold.
 And I could blush, when he before my face
 Doth thy small waist so clownishly embrace.
 And it did break my heart when I did see,
 How he would cast his furred gown over thee.
 And when that he would give thee kisses soft,
 I put the cup before my eyes full oft.
 His close imbrace I did never like,
 For I beheld them with a downy cast looke.
 My mear, as if within thy mouth it grew,
 I most unwillingly did seem to chew.
 And I sigh'd often which when thou did'st see,
 Thou oftentimes would'st smile and laugh agree.
 Then I would strive to quench my flame with wine,
 But love through drunkenness most cleare doth shine.
 When I look'd away, lest I should see,
 Thy beaurty made me look again on thee.
 It greiv'd me to look on my disgrace,
 But greiv'd me more not to look on thy face,
 And I did strive my passion for to hide,
 But oh assembled love is soonest spy'd.
 I do not flatter thee, thou dost perceive
 That I did love thee, nor could I deceive;

Thou discern'st my love, which I wish may be
 Known to thy selfe alone, and none but thee.
 When tears did spring, I turn'd away my head,
 Lest *Menelaus* should ask why I them shed.
 How oft have I told fained tales of love?
 Hoping I might thereby your favour move,
 Under a fained name hoping to move you,
 But it was I indeed did truly love you.
 And that I might my mind more freely speak,
 A wanton drunkenness I would counterfeit
 I remember once thy bosom open lay,
 And to my view thy white breasts did betray:
 Thy fair breasts which were far more white in show,
 Than purest milk, or the new fallen Snow;
 Or whiter than that Swans fair downy feathers,
 When *Jupiter* and *Leda* lay together.
 When I beheld them, I was so amaz'd,
 My Ring fell from my finger as I gaz'd.
 When thou kiss'd'st thy Daughter, I would not miss
 To take thy kisse off with another kisse.
 And sometimes I some ancient song would sing,
 Of those that heretofore had Lovers been.
 Sometimes by secret signs my love was shown,
 And by a nod or wink I made it known.
 Then to *Chrysis* and *Phryne* I did shew
 My grief, and both of them began to weep.
 Thy waiting maids who when I had begun
 They both did leave me before I had done.
 And I do wish the gods had been so bent,
 To have made thee prize of a Tournament,
 That he that got the victory might bear thee
 Out of the field, and he that won thee wear thee.
 As *Hippomenes* fair *Atalanta* won,
 Who all her former suitors had out-run.

Thou

Thou in the Phrygian Cities shalt be seen,
 Like *Hippodamia* brought in like a Queen
 By *Peleus*, and as stout *Achilles* brake
Achilles horns for *Deiandra's* sake;
 So by some valiant adventure, I
 Would win thee by some act of Invalry.
 But now I can but beg of thy sweet Beauty,
 And at thy feet prostrate my self in duty,
 O thou that art thy Brothers lovely glory,
 To whom even *Jove* himself could not be sorry
 To be a husband, if so be you were
 Not by birth descended from *Jupiter*.
 Either I will remain to try with thee,
 Or here in thy *Larissa* buried be.
 Loves arrow hath so wounded my soft breast,
 That it unto the very bone hath pierc'd.
 My sister truly propheticke of me,
 That with Loves arrow I should wounded be.
 Then since (sweet *Helen*) 'tis ordain'd by fate,
 That I should love thee, pity my estate
 Do not contempt my love, but my love hear,
 So may the gods attend unto my prayer.
 If thou wilt let me lye with thee to night,
 More I could say that should breed thy delight
 To wrong thy husband so, art thou ashamed
 Or that thy marriage bed should be so stain'd?
 O *Helen*, thou a country con science ha'st
 "Dost thou imagine to be fair and chaste?"
 Either change thy beauty or more loving be,
 "For beauty is a foe to Chastity."
Venus doth love Loves, let us then go to gather.
 And *Jupiter* shall see and make him'te a Father.
 Then how can it thou be chaste, if thou takest after
Jupiter and *Leda's*? Thou art their daughter.

May'st thou be chaste when thou to Troy art brought,
 And for thy rape may I be held in fault.
 Let's not offend, and after mend our life,
 When as *Venus* promised, thou art my wife.
 Besides, thy husbands actions do commend
 The same to thee, who that he might be friend
 His guest, absents himself, to give us leasure,
 And opportunity to enjoy pleasure.
 To go to *Crete* he thought it time most fit,
 O he's a Man of a honourable wit;
 Which at his departure was well exprest,
 When he bid thee use well his Trojan guest.
 Thy absent husbands will thou dost neglect,
 Thou tak'st no care of me, nor me affect,
 Being so senselesse, thinkest thou that he
 Can prize thy beauty or else value thee?
 He cannot, for if he had known the danger,
 He had not bid thee be kind to a stranger.
 Although my words nor love cannot move thee
 Let us improve this opportunity.
 Then thy husband our selves shall shew more folly,
 If we loose time through bashfull melancholly.
 To be thy paramour he offer'd me,
 Make use then of his weak simplicity.
 For thou dost lye alone, and so do I,
 'Twere better if we did together lye.
 Let us enjoy our selves, for I do say,
 'Midnight's sport yeilds more pleasure than the day,
 Then thou shalt have full promises of me,
 And I will bind my selfe to marry thee.
 For I do vow, if that thou canst beleive me,
 For one nights lodging, I'll a Kingdome give thee:
 And if thou canst but beleive me be.
 Unto my Kingdome thou shalt go with me.

That

That thou followed'st me it shall not be thought;
 For I alone will bear the blame; and fault.
 As *Theseus* did, my actions shall be such;
 And his example may thee neerely touch.
 For *Theseus* did carry thee away,
Cassius and *Pollux* so did also stray.
 And I will be the fourth my love's as ample
 To thee, and I will follow their example.
 My *Trojan* Fleet for thee doth ready stay;
 And when you please, we soon may sail away.
 Thou in *Troy* City shalt live as a Queen,
 Ador'd as if thou had'st some goddess been.
 And wheresoever thou dost please to be,
 The people shall offer sacrifice to thee,
 Thy kindred, and the *Trojans* shall present
 Gifts unto thee, with humble complement:
 I cannot here describe thy happiness,
 Far above that my Letter doth express.
 Let not the fear of Wars thy thoughts amaze,
 Or that all *Greece* will straight great forces raise
 To fetch thee back; who have they fetcht again?
 Believe me, those fears are but fond, and vaine.
 The *Thracians* *Oryxis* took away,
 Yet no wars after troub'd *Thrace*.
Jason from *Colchus* brought away *Medea*,
 And yet no wars did wait *Theffalia*.
Phaëdra and *Ariadne* stollen were
 By *Theseus*, yet *Minos* made no warre.
 "Dangers may seem far greater than they are,
 "And fear may be without all ground of fear.
 Suppose too (if you please) wars should ensue,
 yet I by force their forces could subdue.
 My Country can to yours yeild equal forces,
 For it hath store of men and store of horses.

Nor can your husband ~~show~~ show
 More valiant courage, than Paris can do,
 For when I was but a young stripling, I
 Did rescue our flocks from the Enemy;
 VWho did intend to drive away them all;
 VWhereon they did me *Alexander* call.
 And of *Iliadus*, and *Drachinus*,
 VWhen I was young did get the story.
 And as in single combat I paid my part,
 So with my bow I could hit any mark.
 And I know *M. A. L.* was not in
 A forward youth, nor could he do so much.
 Besides, *Hector's* my Brother, who may stand
 In account of Souldiers, for a whole band.
 My strength, and force, are unknown to thee,
 Nor knowest thou what a husband I shall be.
 And therefore, either no war shall ensue,
 Or *Tr. j.* forces shall the *tro. j.* subdue.
 Yet I could be content to be thy wife
 "To fight: there's credit in a public strife.
 Besides if all the world should fight for thee,
 Thou shalt be famous to posterity:
 Sweet *Hele*, then consent to go with me,
 What I have promis'd shall performed be.



The Argument of the sixteenth Epistle.

Helen having read Paris his Epistle; in her answer seems at first offended, and chides him, and for modesties sake objects against his persuasions, proving them idle; but so that she rather gives, then takes away encouragement from him to proceed in his suit; she rebys shewing a woman's crafty wit, according to that of Ovid, in his Art of Love.

*Quid, regas, ut se sollicitare velis,
Quod regas illam? quod non regas opus ut iussu,
In sequere, &c.*

At first perhaps her Letter will be slowe,
And on thy hopes her paper seem to lowre;
In which she will conjure thee to be mute,
And charge thee to forbear thy bated suit.
Tush, what she most forwarnes, she most desires,
In frosty woods are hid the hottest fires.

At last she seems to consent to Paris desire, advising him as a more safe and honest course, not to write his desire, but impart his mind to her waiting-maids *Clymene* and *Mithra*, he dealing with them, so farre prevailed, that he brought both *Helena* and them to Troy.

HELENA'S Answer to PARIS.

Since thy wanton Letter did my eyes infect
When I did read it, why should I neglect
To answer it? Since to answer it can be
No breach of chastity at all in me.
What boldnesse warst in thee, thus to break
All Lawes of hospitallity and to speak
Thus by your Letter thereby for to move
My affection and sollicite me for love.
Didst thou on purpose saile into our Port?
That thou might'st wooe me, and with fair words court;
And had not we power to avoid this danger?
And shut our Palace gate against a stranger?
Who dost requite our love with injury?
Didst thou come as a guest, or enemy?
I know my just complaint will seem to thee,
To protect from rudenesse, and rust to thy

Let

Let me seem rude; so I preserve my fame,
 And keep my honour free from spot or stain,
 Although my countenance be not sad or fowre;
 Though with bent brows I do not sit and lowre;
 yet I have kept my clear fame without spot,
 No man hath in my Tables found a blot.
 So that I wonder whence thy encouragement
 Proceedeth, that thou shouldst my love attempt:
 Because once *Thesrus* stole me as a prey;
 Shall I the Second time be stolne away?
 It had been my fault had I given consent,
 But being stolne against my will I went.
 And yet he gathered not my Virgin flower,
 He us'd no violence, though I was in his power:
 Some kisses onely he did striving gain,
 But no more kindnesse could from me obtain.
 Such is thy wantonnesse; thou wouldst not be
 Like him content alone with kissing me.
 He brought me back untoucht, his modesty
 Seem'd to excuse his former injury;
 And plainly it appear'd, that the young man
 For stealing me grew penitent again.
 But *Paris* comes when *Thesrus* is fallen off,
 That *Helen* may be still the worlds scoffe.
 yet with a Lover who can be offended?
 If thy love prove true as thou hast pretended?
 This I do doubt, although I do not feare,
 My beaurty can command love any where.
 But because women should not soon believe men,
 For men with flattering words do oft deceive them;
 Though other Wives offend, and that a fair one
 Is seldome chaste, yet I will be that rare one.
 Because thou think my mother did offend,
 By her example you think me to bend.

My

My Mother was deceiv'd; Jew to her came
 In the shape of a milk-white feathered Swan.
 If I offend 'tis not my ignorance,
 For no mistake can shadow my offence.
 And yet her error may be happy thought,
 For to offend with greatness is no fault,
 But I should not be happy, if I erre,
 Since I should not offend with Jupiter.
 Of royal kindred thou dost boast to me,
 But *Jove's* the fountain of Nobility.
 Nay though from Jupiter thy self doth spring;
 And *Pelops*, and *Atreus* be to thee a kin;
 Jupiter's my Father, who himself did cover
 With a Swan's feathers, and deceiv'd my Mother.
 Go reckon now thy Pedegree of thy Nation,
 And talk of *Præm* and *Læmædon*,
 Whom I do reverence, yet thou shalt be
 Remov'd from Jupiter to the sixth degree;
 And I but one; and albeit that Troy
 Be a great land, such is this we enjoy.
 Though it for wealth, and store of men excell,
 The land is barbourous, where thou dost dwell;
 yet thy Letter promises such gifts to me,
 That goddesses might therewith tempted be.
 But if I may with modesty thus speak,
 Thy self, and not thy gifts my fancy take.
 For either I'll keep my integrity,
 Or for thy love, not gifts I'll go with thee.
 Though I despise them not, if e're I take
 Those gifts, it shall be for the givers sake.
 For when thy gifts have no power to move me,
 I do esteem this more that thou dost love me
 And that thou shouldest a painfull voyage take
 Through the rough Seas, and all even for my sake.

And I do mark thy carriage at the Table,
Although I to dissemble is able.
Sometimes thou wantonly wilt on me glance,
And put me almost out of countenance,
Sometimes thou fighst and then the cup do'st take,
And to drink where I did drink, do'st pleasure take.
And so sometimes with thy fingers, or a wink,
Thou closely wou'dst expresse what thou didst think.
And I confesse I have blush't many times,
For fear my husband should discern thy signs.
And oftentimes unto my self I said,
If he were shrewd he would be disdain'd.
And on the Table thou hast many a time
Fashion'd and drawn forth with a little wine
Those letters, which my name did plainly show,
And underneath them thou hast writ, *Amo*.
I look't on it, but seem'd not to believe thee,
But now this word *Amo* doth also give me.
By these allurments thou my heart might'st bend:
If that I would have yeilded to offend.
I must confesse thou hast a beauteous face
Might win a Maid to yeild to thy embrace.
Let some one rare or honestly enjoy thee,
Then that a strangers love should so destroy me.
To resist the power of beaury testis by me,
Vertue abstains from things which pleasing be.
By how many young men have I wooed been?
That beaury Persuades others have seen.
Thou art more bold, but they as much did see,
Nor hast more courage, but less modesty.
I would thy ship had then arriv'd here,
When a thousand youths for my love Suiters were.
For before a thousand I had prefer'd thee,
Nay even my husband must have pardon'd me.

But

But thou hast staid too long, and hast so trifle'd
 That all my Virgin joyes are gon and rised.
 Thou wert too slow, therefore suppress thy shame.
 What thou desir'st another doth obtaine.
 Though to have been thy Wife I do wish still,
Meneles enjoyes me, not 'gainst my will.
 Cease with fair words to mollify my breast,
 If you love me let it be so exprest
 Let me live as fortune hath allotted me,
 Do not seek to corrupt my chastity.
 But *Venus* promis'd thee in the *Idean* wood,
 When three nak'd goddesses before thee stood:
 One promised a Kingdome unto thee,
 To other that thou in wars should'st prosperous be.
 But *Venus*, who was the third in this strife,
 Did promise *Helena* should be thy wife.
 I scarce believe the goddesses would be
 In a case of beauty judg'd so by thee.
 Were the first true, the latter part is faine.
 That she gave thee me, for Judgement obtain'd.
 I do not think my beauty such that she
 Could think to bribe thy judgement by that fee.
 I am content that men may beauty prize,
 That beauty *Venus* praises, she covies.
 Ther's no assurance in a strangers love,
 As they do wander, so their love doth rove.
 And when you hope to find most constancy,
 Their love doth coole, and they away do flye.
 Witness *Ariadne* and *Hippobote*,
 Whole lawlesse ove procur'd their misery.
 And it is said, thou did'st *Orestes* wrong,
 Forsaking her, whom thou had'st lov'd so long.
 This by thy self cannot denyed be,
 For know I took care to enquire of thee.

Besides

Besides if thou had'st a desire to prove
 Constant in thy affection and true love;
 yet thou would'st be compell'd at least to fail,
 And with thy *Trojans* thou away would'st saile.
 For if the wished night appointed were,
 Thou would'st be gone, if that the wind stood fair.
 And when our pleasures grew unto the height,
 Thou would'st be gone, if that the wind stood right:
 So by a fair wind I should be bereft
 Of joyes even in the midst imperfect left.
 Or as thou perswad'st shall I follow thee
 To *Troy*, and so great *Priams* Daughter be.
 yet I do not so much contemn swift fame,
 That I would stick disgrace upon thy name.
 What would *Priam*, and his Wife think of me
 With's Daughters, and thy brothers which may be?
 What might *Sparta*, and *Greece* of *Helen* say?
 Or what might *Troy* report, and *Asia*?
 And how canst thou hope I should faithfull prove?
 And not to others, as to thee grant love.
 Is that if a strangers ship do arrive here,
 It will procure in thee a jealous fear.
 And in thy rage call me adulteresse,
 When thou art guilty of my wickednesse.
 Thou that didst cause my fault wilt me upbraid,
 O may I first into my grave be laid;
 But I shall have *Troy* wealth, go rich and brave,
 And more then thou canst promise I shall have.
 Tissue, and Cloth of gold they shall present me,
 And store of gold shall for a gift be sent me.
 yet pardon me, those gifts cannot inflame me,
 I know not how thy Land would entertain me,
 If in the *Trojan* Land I should wrong'd be,
 How could my brother, or father help me?

False Jason with fair promises beguiled
 Medea, Who afterward kill'd.
 Her Father Etes was not there, to whom,
 When she was scorn'd by Jason, she might come.
 Nor her Mother Iphes to whom she
 Might return, nor her sister Chalciope.
 I fear not this, was not Meares afraid.
 "For those who mean best, soonest are bearr'd,
 Ships in the harbour do in safety ride,
 But are tost at Sea, and do storms abide.
 And that same fire-brand too affrighteth me,
 Of which thy mother dreamt, and thought that she
 Had been deliver'd: and besides too I
 Do fear Cassandra's dismal prophesie?
 Who did foretell, as truth did her inspire,
 The Greeks should waite the City Troy with fire.
 And besides, as faire Venus favours thee,
 Because thy judgment gave her the victory,
 I fear the other goddesses do grudge
 At thee, because thou didst against them judge.
 And I do know that wars may follow after,
 Our fatal love shall be reveng'd with slaughter,
 Yet to allow her praise I am content,
 Why should I question that which she hath meant
 yet for my now belief be not thou griev'd.
 For such good matters hardly are believ'd.
 First I am glad that Venus did regard me,
 Secondly, that with me she did reward thee.
 And that *Aster*, when you of her beauty heard,
 Was before *Pallas* and *Juno's* gifts prefer'd.
 Am I both *Wisdom*, and *Kingdom* to thee?
 Since thou lov'st me, should I no kinde shew thee?
 I me not so cruell, yet cannot incline
 To love him, who I fear cannot be mine.

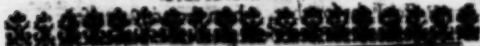
For suppose I to Sea would go with thee,
To steal hence I have no opportunity,
In love's thefts I am ignorant and rude,
Heavens knows my husband I did ne'r delude:
And in a Letter thus my mind to shew,
Is a task, I before did never do.
They are happy that do use it every day,
To offend it is hard to find the way.
A kind of painfull fear restrains me
And how they look on us me-thinks I see,
Of the grumbling people I am much afraid,
For *Asura* told me long since what they said,
But take no notice, nor dost thou *de-fie*,
I know you can dissemble if you list,
Then sport and spare not, but let us be wary,
And if not chaste, let us at least be chary.
For though that *Ateneaus* absent be,
I must discreetly use my liberty.
For though he won earnest business money
And for this journey had occasion,
I took occasion thus my love to shew,
Make haste to return, Sweet heart, if you go.
And he straightway to recompence my wish
Of his return gave me a joyful kiss.
Charging me that my care should be express
In looking to his house, and *Proff* fact.
I smil'd, and to him could say naught at all,
I striv'd, to refrain laughing with, I shall.
So with a prosperous wind he sail'd to *Ceer*,
Yet to do, what thou dost list, is not meet.
I'm kept in his absence with guard most strong,
"Do'st thou not know the hands of Kings are long?"
Besides, thou wrong'st us both in praising me,
For when he hears it he will jealous be.

The fame of beauty maketh me suspected,
 I would I had the fame of being neglected.
 Though to leave us together he thought fit,
 To my own keeping he did me commit.
 "He knew there could no better guardian be,
 "To keep me chaste than my own honesty.
 He fear'd my beauty, but my chastity
 Did take away that idle jealousy.
 To make use of time thou advisest me,
 Since his absence gives opportunity.
 I must confess I have a good mind to it,
 But am yet unresolv'd, and fear to do it.
 Besides you know my husband is from home,
 And you without a wife do lie alone;
 The nights are long, and while we sit together
 In one house, we may talk unto each other.
 And woe is me! when we are both alone,
 I know thou hast a fair alluring tongue.
 Thus every circumstance seems to invite me,
 And nothing but a bashfull fear doth fright me.
 Since persuasions do no good, leave that course,
 And make me leave this bashfulness by force.
 Such force would seem a welcome injury,
 And I would fain be thus compell'd by thee.
 yet let me rather my new love restrain,
 A little war. r. quent. is a young flame.
 Did not the stout inhabitants of Thessalia
 Fight with the Centaures for Hippodamia?
 And dost thou not think Meleus hath
 And Tyndarus as violent a wrath?
 A though of valour thou dost boast to me,
 Thy words and amorous face doth not agree.
 Thou art not fit for Mars, nor for the field,
 But for Venus combats, which do pleasures yield.

Let valient hardy men of wars approve,
 But *Paris* follow thou the wars of love.
 Let *Hector* fight for her, when thou dost please,
 The gentle wars of love shall give thee ease.
 And in these wars 'tis wisdom for to fight,
 And any Maid that's wise will take delight.
 Not upon idle points of modesty stand,
 I may perhaps in time give thee my hand.
 But it is your desire, that you and I
 Should meet, I know what you do mean thereby.
 Thus far this guilty Letter hath reveal'd
 A piece of my mind the rest is conceal'd.
 By *Clytem* and *Astra* we may further
 Make known our minds, more fully to each other.
 For these two Maidens in such matters be
 Companions, and Counsellors to me.



The various party of the world, who have been the way of love.



The Argument of the seventeenth Epistle.

THE Sea of Hellespont being seven furlongs over, and as Pity who
 in this division from the sea, and on the one side of the sea
 being two opposite Cities, Lampsac of Abydos being deeply in love
 with Hero of Sestos, did use to swim by night unto her over the Helles-
 pont; but being hindered by the tempestuous roughness of the Sea,
 after

And had come with him, but the *Argos* lay'd
Upon their watch-tower, while the *Argos* way'd
For presently they would have me detain'd
And discern'd our love, which we seek to hide.
Forth with this Letter I did write, and so
I laid unto it, happy Letter go.

This is thy happiness, thou must understand,
That *Herc* shall receive thee with his hands,
And perhaps thou shalt kiss her (rosy lips)
While with her teeth she Seal the open lips.
Having spoken these words, then my right hand after
Did write these words upon this silent Paper.
But I do wish, that my right hand might be
Not us'd in writing, but to swim to thee.
It is more fit to swim yet I can write
My mind with ease and happily in verse.
Seven nights are past which seem to me a year,
Since first the Seas with stormes intruged were.
These nights seem'd long to me, I could not sleep,
To think the Sea should fail his roughness keep.
Those Torches which on thy Tower burning be
I saw, or else I thought that I did see.
Thrice I put on my cloathes, and did begin
Three times to make tryall if I could swim.
But swelling Seas did my desire oppose,
Whose rising billowes o're my face o'reflowes.
But *Buriat*, who art the fiercest wind,
Why thus to cross me, do'st thou bend thy mind?
Thou dost not storm against the Seas but me.
Hast thou not been in love what would thou be?
Though thou art told, yet wilt thou not approve
Oruby, who did warm thy heart with love.
And would it have vexed, if with *Oruby* far
Thy passage had been hinder'd through the air.

O spare me then, and calm thy bustling wind;
 Even so may it thou be a favour find;
 But I perceive the numbers are my prayers;
 And still the seas doth my heart's prayers
 I wish that I could give thee a reward
 Though the seas are deep and wide as the world
 Where Icarus did fall when he did prosper
 To fly too high, but not the same chance I suffer
 While flying through the air, as he did suffer
 As through the water I have often flown.
 But since both wind and sea are my to me
 My passage, think how I first came to thee
 It was at that time when night did begin
 (Th' remembrance of past pleasures, which I bring
 When I think of thee, which I think of thee
 A Lover, O! but of my Father's Ode,
 And having said that, my heart's desire
 The coldest of all, the most of all, the most
 For love, the most of all, the most of all, the most
 The Moon did yield a glimmering light to me
 Which all the way did bear me company
 I looking on her, and she looking on me
 Towards me, and she looking on me
 O favour me, for I am in a state
 Prosper this fallen journey which I take
 A mortal love made me come from thy Sphere;
 And she I love is like a golden hair
 For none will love me as a golden hair
 Can be so verdant, and so fair as she
 Nay none but I, or thy self can be
 So fair, so sweet, so good, so true, so free
 For as the stars do him more bright
 Than lesser streams, which yield a dimmer light
 Even so of all fair ones she is rarest,
 And I can not doubt but she is the fairest.

When I those words, as all the like had said,
My passage through the Sea by night I made.
The Moons bright beams were in the water seen,
And 'twas as light as if the day had been.
No noise nor voice unto my ears did come,
But the murmur of the water when I swam.
Only the *Alcyon* for love's sake fair,
Seemed by sighs a sweet complaint to make.
But when my arms began to rise, I did begin
Unto the top of the waves I did bring.
But when I saw thy Torch O then quoth I,
Where that fire blazeth, my fair love doth lie.
For that same shore said I doth her contain,
Was in my god self, my fire, and my flame.
These words to my Arms did such strength restore,
Me thought the Sea grew as mer then before.
The coldness of the waves, I seem'd to scorn,
For love did keep my sanguine heart full warm.
The nearer I came to the shore, I found
The greater courage and more strength of mind.
But when I could a try then discern'd be,
Thou gav'st me courage by looking to me.
Then to please thee, my Mistress I began
To spread my arms abroad, and strongly to lean
Thy Nests from leaning down could scarce stay
This without flattery I did also say.
And though the distance was too, thou didst come
Down to the shore and to the waves didst run
And to embrace and kiss me didst begin.
O he gods to get such kisses I would fain
And thy own garments thou wouldst put on mine.
Drying my hair which had been wet by Sea,
What past besides, the Tower and me do know.
And Torch which through the sea my way did show.

The joyes of that night we no more can count
 Then drops of water in the *Hell* of pain.
 And because we had so little time for pleasure
 We us'd our time, and did not wait our leisure.
 But when *Astrea* rose from *Tiber*'s bed,
 And the morning star shew'd his glittering head,
 Then we did kisse in haste, and kisse again,
 And that the night was past we did complain.
 When thy Nurse did me of the time inform,
 Then from thy Tower, I to the shore return.
 With tears we parted, and then I begg'd
 Back through the *Hell* again to swim.
 And while I swam, I shoud look back on thee;
 As far as I could the (sweet *Hero*) see.
 And if you will believe me, when I do come
 Hither unto thee, then methought I swam.
 But when from thee again I return'd back,
 I seem'd like one that had suffer'd ship wrack.
 To my home I went unwillingly again,
 My City gain'd my will both me contain.
 Alas! why should we be by seas disjoyn'd?
 Since that love hath united us in mind.
 Since we bear such affection to each other,
 Why should not we in one land dwell together?
 In *Sestos*, or *Hydras* dwell with me,
 Thy country please to mee, as mine doth thee.
 Why should the rough seas thus perplex our minds?
 Why should we be parted by cruel winds?
 The Dolphins with our love acquainted grow,
 The fish by often swimming doth me know.
 And through the water I have worn a path,
 Like to those wheel-ruts which a high way hath.
 I complain that I so such shifts was put,
 But now the winds that passage have up shut.

The Hellespont is rough, the waves so high,
 So that ships scarce in Harbour safe do lye.
 And I believe the sea her name first found
 From the Virgin Helle, who was in't drown'd.
 This sea shall by her death infamous be,
 Her name doth shew her guilt, though she spare me;
 I envy Jason, who did saile to Grece,
 And fetch away from thence the golden Fleece.
 In his ship call'd the Ram, yet I desire
 No ship of his, this is all I require;
 That the waters of the Hellespont would be
 So gentle to permit me swim to thee.
 I want no art to swim, give leave to me,
 And both the ship and Pilot I will be.
 I will not sail by the great or lesser beare,
 For by such common stars love cannot steere,
 Let others on Andromedes star look
 Or Ariadnes Crown to Heaven took,
 Nor yet Callistos stars which do shine clear,
 In the Polar Circle, which they call the Beare.
 These stars which by the gods were stell'd,
 In my doubtfull passage shall not be my guide,
 But I have a more brighter star than these,
 My love will guide me through the darkest seas,
 Oft when my arms grew ty'd with warms,
 That they cannot cut their wayes through the seas,
 When I do tell them, that to quit their pain,
 They should embrace mee, they would then again
 To enjoy their prize, with such a fresh strength swim,
 Like a swift Horse that doth to run begin.
 Thou art my star and I will follow thee,
 Rather then all those stars in Heaven be.
 Thou, thou art far more worthy for to shine
 A star in Heaven, yet stay on earth thy time.

Or if thou wilt needs go, then shew to me
The way to Heaven, that I may follow thee,
Thou art here yet I the way to thee can't find,
The roughness of the seas perplex my mind.
What though the Ocean do not us two part?
This narrow Sea keeps me from thee sweet-heart,
If I should in some distant Countrey be,
It would cut off all hope of seeing thee.
But now I am inflam'd with more desire
And burn the more the nearer to the fire.
And though the thing I wish for absent be,
yet I do hope for that I cannot see.
That which I love I almost seem to touch,
Which makes me weep to think my hopes are such.
I catch at Apples which from me do fly
Like *ananas*; or the stream which glides by.
Shall I then never be possesst of thee,
Untill the winds and sea so pleased be?
When wind and water sickle be, shall I
Upon the wind and water still rely?
Shall I be hindered by the raging seas?
The Goats, Bootes, or the Pleiades?
If I have any courage, thou shalt see,
Love shall embolden me to swim to thee.
And if I promise, I will come away,
And perform promise without all delay.
If seas continue still their raging anger,
I'll try to swim to thee in despite of danger;
Either my bold attempt shall happy prove,
Or death shall give an end unto my love.
Yet do I with my body may be driven,
Like to a wrack to thy beloved haven.
Then thou wilt weep on it, and say 'twas I
Was the occasion, that this man did dye

I know when thou hast in my Letter found
 This word of death, thou wilt heare the sad sound.
 Fear not, but that the sea may now incline
 To calme itselfe, join your prayers I pray with mine.
 If it were calm untill I did swim thither,
 Arriv'd again let it be blustering weather,
 In the Harbour of thy Castle I'll abide,
 And in thy chamber as safe Anchor ride.
 Let blustering Boyes as strongly there inclose me,
 I delight to stay there though he oppose me.
 For then I will be wavy, and most slack
 To venture to return, or to swim back.
 On the deat billows I'll not rail in vain,
 Nor on the rough and raging sea complain.
 The winds and thy embraces should keep me
 Wind-bound, and love-bound, still to stay with thee.
 Yet soon as the sea permits I'll begin
 To use my armes, and unto thee I'll swim.
 And be thou carefull to put forth a light
 Upon thy rurrer, to direct my sight.
 Untill then let my Letter lodge this night
 With thee, as Harbourer of my delight.
 Which though it go before me, I do pray,
 That I may follow it without delay.



The Argonauts of the night and day.

Her husband received her letter and read it with many expressions of a natural affection, and loving him to follow his coming, she was able to give him company. Sometimes accusing his fickleness, thereby to keep the secret and increase of her own love, sometimes inveighing against the sea; sometimes fearing lest he loved some other; thus recasting that suspicion striking it

to the custome of Lovers who are apt to suspicion. Lastly, free
 pointed out the spot where the poet has written it.

HERO to LEANDER

THat health *Leander* which thou sent'st in word,
 Come and more really to me afford.
 For our joyes are deferred by thy stay,
 And my love growes impatient of delay.
 Our love is equal, but I am the weaker,
 For men are of a stout and stronger nature.
 Maids have a tender body and soft mind,
 If thou do stay, I shall with grief be pin'd.
 You men can find the tedious time and leasure,
 In hunting or some other countrey pleasure,
 Or sometimes you can go unto the Court,
 Or in riding, or tilting take your sport.
 you often Hawk, and angle many a time,
 And spend some hours in drinking of rich wine.
 But unto me love doth a torment prove,
 I have no business here to do, but love,
 Thou only art a pleasure unto me,
 I love thee more than can be believed be.
 For eicher with my Nurse I talk of thee,
 Wondring what stayeth thy coming unto me.
 Or looking to the Sea, sometimes I chide
 The sea, 'cause it doth still so rough abide,
 or when the sea is calmer grown,
 I think that when thou mai'st thou wilt not come.
 While I complain, I do now sleep in my arms
 Which with a trembling hand my old Nurse lays.
 Then I do look if any print remain
 of my foot-prints, which the sands yet retain.

And

And oftentimes I enquire if any be
 Bound to Acheron, to write to thee.
 And I do kiss thy clothes that I didst wear
 When thou didst swim the Hellespont without fear.
 When day is done and the more friendly night
 With spang'ed stars hath parted the day to night.
 Then I set out a light for a lamp
 Upon my Tower, to guide thee in the dark.
 And then sometimes with spinning I assay
 To pass the time which runs so slow away.
 And that I may the tedious hours beguile
 I talk of my Lover all the while.
 And to my Nurse I speak thus, dost not thou
 Think that my Joy and love is coming now?
 Or think'st thou that his friends watch him; that he
 Is hindered so from coming unto thee?
 Dost thou not think that he even now begins
 To put off his cloaths, and anoint his limbs?
 Yes saies my old Nurse, who did strive to keep
 Time with her head while he did nodding sleep.
 And senselesse of all love, as I not though I
 Did want thy kisses, and sweet company.
 Then I should say to her a little after,
 Now I do think he's in swimming through the water.
 And having drawn my thread forth I would say,
 Now I do think he is in the middle way.
 Then I look'd forth, and see fully did pray
 The wind would favour thee upon the way.
 Sometimes I listened unto every voice
 Thinking thou wert come, if I heard a noise.
 Thus I would spend most of the night, till sleep
 Upon my weary eyes by stealth did creep.
 And sometimes thou dost come in with me
 And art come, though I be dead, thou dost not mean.
 And

And now methinks that I my dream I see
 Thee swimming, now thou art embracing me.
 And now to clasp thy waist I do desire,
 And in my arms before do thee retire.
 And other things I dream of which must be
 Concealed at this time for modesty.
 For that which in the doing seems as well,
 yet being done it is both mine to tell.
 But woe is me, these pleasures are soon done,
 For when thy dream doth vanish, thou art gone.
 O let us at the length more fully meet,
 That our joyes may be reft and in the sweet
 VVhy have I said for many nights from thee,
 And why dost thou delay to visit me?
 Though the sea yearns for swimming unto me,
 yet yesternight the winds some colder were.
 And why didst thou then fear to come to me?
 VVhy didst thou else that opportunity
 Though you have another season yet to lose?
 Because this was the first time that the best
 The fickle sea doth quickly change her face,
 But thou canst swim it in a little space.
 And I suppose winds and storms should keep thee far,
 VVhile I embraced thee, thou needst nothing fear.
 Then I would have thee with a blow high enough,
 And I would pray the sea might fill be tough.
 But why dost thou the which good seas now face,
 VVhich formerly by thee despised were?
 For I remember thou didst swim to me,
 VVhen the seas were as rough as now they be.
 VVhen I did wish thee not so fast to be,
 Lest thy reluctance should make me weep for thee.
 But where is all thy courage now become?
 Is he through the Hellespont hastening to me?

Yet do not thou such rash adventures make
But when the sea is calm thy journey take.
If thou dost love me still, as thou dost write,
And that our flame of love burns clear and bright,
I fear not winds so much that cross my mind
As that thy love should prove hole as wind.
Or that thou thinkst me unworthy to enter
Such dangers, and for my sake so adventure.
And sometimes I am very much afraid,
Lest thou of *Abydos* scornst a *Scholar* maid.
But it would grieve me more then all the rest,
If thou shouldst love another *Swan-heart* best.
Or if some *Harlots* arms should thee embrace,
While that her new love doth the old displace.
O may I dye before that I do see
My self in such a manner wrong'd by thee.
Yet do I not write this, because that I
From thee, or mine, have cause of jealousy.
Yet still I fear (who can securely love)
For absence doth often suspicion move.
Those lovers are happy that present are,
And know when to be jealous, when not so fear.
We vainly fear, and fight true injuries,
And nourish in our breast fond jealousies.
O wouldst thou come, or else would I might find
No woman hinders thee but the fierce wind.
Which when I know, believe me I shall die.
With grief to think upon thy injury.
For if that thou hadst a desire to send
Me to my grave, thou mightst it before offend.
But thou wilt not offend, my fears are vain.
I know the wintry stormes do thee detain.
Woe's mine! the billowes do go rough and high,
And obscure clouds do darken all the sky.

Or *Hellas* Mother makes the sea-waves weep,
 While they her Daughters obsequies do keep.
 Or *Juno* her step mother now doth please,
 Chang'd to a goddess, thus to vex the seas.
 This is unto young men unkind doth prove;
 It drowned *Helle* and doth cross my love.
 If *Neptune* his own Love had call'd to mind,
 Our love had not been cross'd by the wind.
 It is no fable that thou didst approve
 Of fair *Amymone*, and her chaste love.
Alcyon, and *Ceyx* th' Sweet hearts were,
 And *Medea* before she had snaky hair.
Landice and *Celena* Pleiades,
 And many I have read of besides these.
 O *Neptune* thou these Sweet hearts hadst in store;
 As Poets do report, and many more.
 Since thou so oft the force of love didst prove;
 Why still from coming dost thou stay my love?
 Spare us, let storms rage in the Ocean wide,
 The Sea doth two parts of the world divide.
 For thee to toss great ships it is most meet,
 Or express thy rage in scattering a Fleet.
 To disturb these seas can no glory be,
 Or to hinder a young man would swim to me.
 For know *Leander* nobly is descended,
 Not from *Vulcan* ill of thee befriended.
 Preserve us both, for while that he doth swim;
 "He's in the water, but my life's in him."
 But now my candle (by whose watchful light
 As it stood by me, I these lines did write)
 began to sparkle at that very time,
 Which he did take to be a happy sign.
 And my Nurse put wine to it, to maintain
 The Lamp, and cherish the reviving flame.

Sayes she, here will be strangers I do think
 To morrow and with these words she doth drink.
Leander come, and let our number be
 Increas'd, for I do love thy company.
Leander unto thy own love return,
 For why should I still lye alone, and mourn?
 Thou hast no cause thus fearfull still to be,
Venus will calm the sea, and favour thee.
 Sometimes to wade through the sea I begin,
 But this sea hath to women' fatale bin.
 For *Jason* over it in safety came,
 But a woman give to these seas their name.
 If thou fear'st thou should'st want strength to performe
 This double labour; to come, and return:
 Let us in the midst of the sea both meet,
 And with a kisse each other kindly greet.
 Then to our Cities both return again,
 This would some comfort be, though it were vain.
 I would that we had no regard of Fame,
 Which makes us love in secret, not of shame.
 "For love and fearfullnesse do ill agree;
 That perswades to pleasure, this to modesty.
 When that young *Jason* did to *Colchos* come,
 He bore away *Medea* with him soon.
 Soon as *Paris* to *Lacedaemon* came,
 He straight returned with his prey again.
 Thou com'st to me, but leave'st me behind,
 And swim'st when ships can scarce a passage find.
 But my *Leander* have a care hereafter,
 Not only to despise, but fear the water.
 Strong ships unto the sea are made a scorn,
 Think'st thou thy armies can more than Oars perform?
 The Mariners (*Leander*) fear to swim,
 Till they are forc'd, when they have ship wrackt bin.

VVo's me, I pe swade 'gainst that I require,
Let not my words discourage thee I desire.
VVith thy arms swim through the seas, which being done,
Embrace me with those arms when thou art come.
But as oft as I to the blew seas look,
My heart is with a sudden cold fear strook.
And I am troubled with my last nights dream,
Though I sacrific'd 'gainst that it did mean
About morning, when the Candle sleepy grew
And wint'd, when dreams most usually are true;
Out of my crowsie fingers fell my thread,
And on my pillow I did rest my head
When in my dream I thought that I had seen
A Dolphin, that on the rough waves did swim.
VWhich the waves cast up on the shore, and left
Upon the boiling sands, of life bereft.
I know not what this might preface, or mean,
Stay till the Sea be calm, slight not my dream;
If thou wilt not spare thy self, spare thou me,
My life and happiness consists in thee.
I hope the rough seas will grow calm, then stay
And through the calm seas cut thy gentle way.
And till then, since thou canst not swim, nor come,
Let this Letter make the time not seem long.



The Argument of the nineteenth Epistle.

Odysseus going to *Diana's* sacrifice, which were celebrated by Virgins in *Delos*, the chiefest Island of all the *Cyclades* in the *Aegean* Sea, fell in love with *Calypso* a noble Maid; but he in regard of the inequality of his birth, not daring to solicit her love, did cunningly write on a fair Apple these two verses.

*Jura tibi sane per mystica sacra Diana,
Me tibi coniugium comitam, sponsamq; futuram.*

By Diana's sacred rites I swear to thee,
Thy loving Consort and Wife I will be.

And so he cast the Apple at the Maids feet ; who ignorant of his conning, reading it at unawares, she promised that she would be wife to *Acontius*. For it was a law, that was spoken before the gods in the Temple of *Diana* should be ratified, so that *Acontius* endeavours in this Epistle to perswade her, that *Diana* had inflicted sickness on her, because she had violated her promise made in the goddesses presence. And to allure her to his desires, his Exordium endeavours to make her confident to read without any suspicion of deceit, like the former. Afterward he strives to make her husband contemptible in her sight, perswading her that he was the cause of all her sickness.

ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE.

BE not afraid, since that thou shalt not swear,
As thou didst before to thy Lover, here ;
For thou didst swear enough at that same time,
VVhen thou didst promise that thou wouldst be mine.
Read it, and so may the sickness leave thee,
And pains, which also are a pain to me.
For why shou'd thy ingenuous cheeks be spread,
As in *Diana's* temple with blushing red,
Since to perform thy promise I do move thee,
And not loosely but as a husband love thee.
For if those words thou wouldst but call to mind,
VVhich I did write upon the Apples rinde ;
And cast before thee, being read by thee,
In reading it thou didst promise to me,
Even that which I do now of thee desire,
My words and faith do not at once expire.

VVhen

When Diana depriv'd thee first of health,
 I fear'd it; Virgin think upon thy self.
 And now I fear the same; for now at length
 The flame of love in me hath gotten strength.
 My strong affection doth increase, and grow,
 Encourag'd by that hope which you did shew.
 Thou gav'st me hope, from thee it did proceed,
 Diana is a witness to thy deed.
 For thou didst swear by Diana's majesty,
Acontius I do mean to marry thee.
 And to these words which from thy mouth then went,
 Diana bow'd in token of consent.
 If thou dost urge, thou wert depriv'd by me,
 The deceit came from love, my love from thee.
 Seeking thereby to thee to be united,
 That should win favour, wherewith thou art frighted.
 I'm not so crafty by nature or use,
 Thy beauty doth this craftinesse infuse.
 Ingenious love, and not my art first joyn'd
 Those words which thee to me did firmly bind.
 For love this cunning trick to me dispos'd
 And words of marriage into lines compos'd.
 yet let this Act of mine deceitfull prove,
 If it be deceit to get what we love.
 And now I write, for favour I intreat,
 Complain of this, if this be a deceit.
 If loving thee, an injury I do thee,
 Though thou forbid me, I will love and woe thee.
 Some have by force their Sweet hearts away brought,
 To write a Letter, shall it be a fault?
 Since that a Letter a new knot doth tyo
 Of that promis'd love between thee and I.
 Though thou art coy to me, yet I shall make thee
 More kind, and I do know that I shall take thee.

For albeit thou scape out of this net,
 Thou shalt not scape all those which love can set,
 And if that gentle means, and art do fail,
 Then force against thy coinesse shall prevail.
 I do not hold that Paris was in fault,
 or those who their desires by force have sought.
 And so will I: although that death should be
 His sad reward, that ventures to steal thee.
 Wert thou lesse fair, my suit would be more cold,
 But now thy beauteous face doth make me bold.
 My flame of love proceeds from thy fair eyes,
 Which do out-shine the bright stars in the skies.
 And from thy white neck, which thy brown hair graces,
 And from thy armes fit onely for imbraces.
 Thy modest countenance also taketh me:
 Where silent beauties sweetly placed be.
 Thy feet like ivory are so pure and white,
 That *Troetis*, I suppose, hath not the like.
 I were happy, if I might praise the rest,
 Thy parts sumim'd up together would be best.
 It is no wonder since thou art so fair,
 If by thy own words I did thee insnare.
 For if thou should'st confess thy self to be
 Taken by my deceit and treachery;
 Let me bear the envy of it, and blame,
 So that I may the fruits of love obtain.
Achilles did by force fair *Briseis* take,
 yet she lov'd him, and would not him forsake.
 Find fault with what thou wilt and angry be,
 So that in danger I may enjoy thee.
 I that have mov'd your anger, will appease you,
 And if you give me leave, I'll strive to please you.
 For I will stand before you, and there weep,
 While my tears with my words due time shall keep.

And

And like some servant that correction fears,
 I hold my hands up, and beg with my tears.
 Assume your right, I'me a slave to your beauty;
 Be you my Mistress, and teach me my duty.
 Although that you should strike me, and should tear
 In an imperious manner my long hair.
 I'll suffer all, and onely affraid be,
 Lest you should hurt your hand with striking me.
 Thou needst not teeter me with iron chains,
 "He serveth willingly whom love constrains.
 When thou hast satisfi'd thy wrath on me,
 Thou wilt then say; how patient is he?
 And noting my patience say, since I see
 That he can serve so well, he shall serve me.
 I know thou dost condemn me in absence,
 And my good cause doth want a just defence.
 That only which I on the Apple writ
 Is my offence, yet love indited it.
 Besides *Diana* should not mocked be,
 Keep thy promise with her, though not with me.
 She saw the blush, when as thou art deceiv'd.
 And she did hear those words which thou didst read.
 And who can be more violent than she,
 To those that do prophane her Majesty.
 Who more angry than *Althea* with her son,
 More fierce then was the Boar of *Calydon*.
 She made *Aeons* hounds their Master hunt,
 As he with them to chase wild beasts was wont.
 She did *Niobe* to a stone transforme
 Which in *Bythinia* stands, and seems to mourn.
Cydippe, I dare not speak truth to thee,
 Let my admonishment seem false to be.
 yet I must speak, her wrath inflicts on thee
 This sicknesse, when that thou should'st marry'd be.

From perjury thee'd have thee keep thy self
 "By sickness she would bring thy mind to health.
 And when to break thy vow thou wouldst begin,
 She keeps thee from committing of that sin.
 Then do not thou *Diana* more incense,
 She may be brought to remit thy offence.
 That so thy feaver may not quite destroy
 Thy beauty sav'd, that I may it enjoy.
 Preserve that beauty, which my love first bred,
 Where snowy whiteness shad droweth the red,
 May those would crosse our love, endure that pain,
 Which I while thou art sick do now sustain.
 I would not have thee sick, nor married be,
 I know not which of these would most grieve me.
 Sometimes it grieves me, that I should grieve thee,
 And that I did so cunningly deceive thee.
 For my mistress's perjury, O punish me,
 ye gods, from punishment let her be free.
 And sometimes I occasion take to go
 By the door, that I may know how you do.
 And in a secret manner enquiring keep
 Of your mind, how you eat, and take your sleep.
 I would I had been a Physician bred,
 To feel thy pulse, and sit upon thy bed.
 And woe is me, that I must absent be,
 While that my rival is perhaps with thee.
 He holds thy hand, and sits on thy beds side,
 Who is by all the gods, and me envy'd.
 And while that he thy beating pulse doth try,
 Thy white arm he doth often touch thereby.
 He handles thee, and then perhaps a kisse,
 Rewards his service with too great a blisse.
 Who hath permitted thee to reap my crop?
 And take away the fruits of all my hope?

Her self, and Kisses thou must understand
 Are mine by promise, then take off thy hand.
 Take off thy hand, for she my own shall be,
 Unlesse thou wilt commit adultery.
 Some other Maiden chuse that yet is free,
 For of her renemen I must Land-lord be.
 Thou may'st believe our covenants if not me,
 To shew they're firm let her read them to thee,
 Therefore thou hast no right, I say to thee,
 Vnto her marriage bed, 'tis kept for me.
 Though her Father to thee dip her assign,
 Yet thy right cannot be so good as mine.
 Her Fathes did betroch her unto thee,
 But she her self did give her self to me,
 He promis'd before men she should be thine,
 She promis'd before *Diana* she would be mine.
 He breaks his word, she violates her oath,
 And dost thou dote which is the worst of both?
 Lastly consider, what the event may be,
 For he's in health, but sick in bed is she.
 In our contentions too much odds there are,
 Thy hope is not like mine, nor yet thy fear.
 Thy love is not so dangerous but I
 If I should suffer a repulse must dye,
 Perhaps that hereafter thou wilt approve her,
 But it is I that now do clearly love her.
 Therefore in justice, that same love of thine
 Vnto my love all title should resign.
 Since for thy love he unjustly doth contend,
Cydippe why do I this Letter send?
Diana for his sake doth thee afflict,
 Forbid him then thy house, if thou hast wit.
 And for his sake this sicknesse light on thee,
 May he that causeth it, so punish'd be.

For

For if thou wilt his fained love reject,
 And not love whom the goddesse doth not respect.
 Thou shalt then presently regain thy health;
 When thou art well, I shall be well my self.
 Fear not sweet Maid, thou shalt have thy health now;
 If to the goddesse thou wilt keep thy vow.
 "The heavenly powers our sacrifices scorne,
 "Unless we faithfully our vov'es perform
 Yet some do lancing suffer for healths sake,
 And some for health do bitter potions take.
 But if thou keep thy self from perjury,
 Thou shalt preserve thy health, thy faith, and me.
 Thy former fault may yet a pardon find,
 Through ignorance, or forgetfulnesse of mind.
 Thy sickness, and my words admonish thee,
 "For know the gods cannot deceiv'd be.
 Yet should'st thou scape this sickness, being a Maid,
 Being married, thou wilt need *Dion's* aid,
 Having heard thy promise she will aske thee
 If I the father of thy burthen be.
 If thou do'st vow, yet she will not believe,
 If thou swear'st she knows 'tis but to deceive.
 For thee, not for thy self, this care I take,
 And my mind is thus troubled for thy sake.
 Let not thy Parents for thy sickness weep,
 Or why dost thou in ignorance them keep?
 Though to thy Mother thou dost all relate,
Cytopp, thou need'st not to blush thereat.
 Tell her how I did first behold thy eyes,
 While thou did'st to *Diana* sacrifice.
 And at the first side if thou marked'st me,
 I stood and gaz'd with fixed eyes on thee.
 And while I wondring stood in cloak oft fell
 From my shoulder, which passion seem'd to tell,

And

And after that an Apple I did fit,
 VVherein most cunningly these words I writ,
 VVhich in *Diana's* presence read by thee,
 That didst bid thy self thin to marry me,
 That she the Tenour of the words may know,
 As thou read'st them once, read them to her so.
 Then she will say forthwith, pray marry me
 Him, whom the goddess hath allotted thee.
 Since that *Diana* is pleas'd, chuse no other,
 For the goddess will be to thee a mother.
 And tell her if she aske thee, who I am,
 The goddess choice can be to thee no shame.
 In *Cea* where *Coryciae* Nymphs have,
 In *Parnassus* hill an old famous Cave.
 I was born, and (if birth be not contemn'd)
 From no base Parantage I did descend.
 I have wealth, and my life from spot is free,
 And there is none whom I love more than thee.
 Had'st thou not sworn, yet thou need'st must like
 Such a husband, and I such a wife would seek.
Diana in a dream bid me to write
 These lines, and waking love bid me indite.
 And as loves arrow now hath wounded me,
 Take heed *Diana's* arrow wound not thee.
 At once have pity on me, and thy self,
 At once thou mayst restore us both to health;
 Which if thou grant, when the Trumpets proclaim,
Diana's solemn sacrifice again,
 Ile offer a golden Apple and on it
 These two verses shall be most faithfully writ.
Aeneas this Apple offer'd to testify.
 The gods the words writ in't did rarily.
 Left a longer letter try thee being weak.
 I have but one word more to write, or speak.

And

And in the usuall way as all can tell
I will conclude my letter here ; Farewell.



The Argument of the twentieth Epistle.

When Cyclops understood that offended Diana had inflicted this
Feaver on her, she condescended to *Acquiesce* desire against her
parents will, rather than to endure the torment of her sickness. First
she

he answers, that she durst not read his Epistle aloud; lest he should be deceived with the fallacy of an oath, as she was in reading the lines writ on the Apple. Then amplifying the deceit of that Apple, she writes against *Menestheus*.

CYDIPPE to ACONTIUS.

IN silence I thy Letter read, for fear
Lest unawares I by the gods should swear.
I think, again thou would'st have censured me,
But that I have promised my self to thee.
I read it, lest if I unkind should seem,
Diana should have more offended been.
Though to *Diana* I do incense offer,
Yet she defends that wrong which thou did'st proffer.
And if I may give credit unto thee,
For thy sake she with sickness visits me.
Unto *Hippolytus* she was not so kind,
For at her hand more favour thou dost find.
A Virgin of a Virgin should take care,
Although I have not long to live I fear.
I am sick, yet the causes of my grief,
Physicians know not, nor can yeild releif.
How sick am I, while I these lines do write,
I scarce can sit within my bed upright.
I fear lest any but my Nurse should find,
That we by Letters do exchange our mind.
To visitants, while she the dore doth keep,
(To give me time to write) she says I sleep.
When this colour the matter cannot hide,
Lest by sleeping too long truth be discrid.
If some come, who to deny 'tis unfitting,
She gives me then a fained sign by spitting.
Then I break off, and lest it should be spy'd,
In my trembling bosome the Letter hide.

When

And in the usuall way as all can tell
I will conclude my letter here; Farewell.



The Argument of the twentieth Epistle.

When *Cybele* understood that offended *Diana* had inflicted this
Feaver on her, she condescended to *Acmon's* desire against her
parents will, rather than to endure the torment of her sickness. First she

he answers, that she durst not read his Epistle aloud, lest he should be deceived with the fallacy of an oath, as she was in reading the lines writ on the Apple. Then simplifying the deceit of that Apple, she speaks against *Menecius*.

CYDIPPE to ACONTIUS.

IN silence I thy Letter read, for fear
 Lest unawares I by the gods should swear.
 I think, again thou would'st have cosened me,
 But that I have promised my self to thee.
 I read it, lest if I unkind should seem,
 Diana should have more offended been.
 Though to Diana I do incense offer,
 yet she defends that wrong which thou did'st proffer.
 And if I may give credit unto thee,
 For thy sake she with sickness visits me.
 Unto *Hyperolus* she was not so kind,
 For at her hand more favour thou dost find.
 A Virgin of a Virgin should take care,
 Although I have not long to live I fear.
 I am sick, yet the causes of my grief,
 Physicians know not, nor can yeild releif.
 How sick am I, while I these lines do write,
 I scarce can be within my bed upright.
 I fear lest any but my Nurse should find,
 That we by Letters do exchange our mind.
 To visitants, while she she dore doth keep,
 (To give me time to write) she says I sleep.
 When this colour the matter cannot hide,
 Lest by sleeping too long truth be descri'd.
 If some come, who to deny 'tis unfitting,
 She gives me then a fained sign by spitting.
 Then I break off, and lest it should be spy'd,
 In my trembling bosome the Letter hide.

What

When they are gone, then I do write again,
Thus in the midst of pains, I take great pain,
Which didst thou deserve, I could undertake,
Then thou deserv'st, I'll do more for thy sake.
For thy sake, I this sickness do sustain,
And for thy imposture thus punisht am,
And thus my beauty which did please thy sight,
Hath hurt thy self, by yeilding thee delight.
If I had appear'd deformed unto thee.
No sickness had procur'd my misery.
Praise is my ruin, and while you both woe me
'Tis my own beauty that doth thus undo me.
And while both will not yeild, both will be mine;
you hinder his desire, he hinders mine.
I am like a ship the wind drives amain
To Sea, but strong tides drive it back again.
My marriage day which my Parents would see
Is at hand, but a fever troubleth me.
And while the thought of marriage doth not mock,
Death even at my door begins to knock.
Which though I am not guilty makes me fear,
Some of the gods with me offended are.
Some think my sickness hath but casual been,
Or the Gods would not have me marry him.
And that thou may'st not think fame doth detect thee,
For poisoning of my self they do suspect me,
The cause is hide, but yet my grief lies open,
you do contend, but I with grief am broken.
Tell me and do not unkindly reject me
What is thy hate, if thy love doth afflict me?
If such thy love be, love thy enemy,
But I intreat thee that thou would'st spare me.
What hope to obtain my love canst thou cherish,
When thou do'st let me by a fever perish?

If to Diana thou do'st pray in vain
 Why do'st thou ask what thou canst not obtain?
 Either thou canst not Diana pacific;
 If thou canst, but art unmindfull of me,
 I would that I had Deles never known,
 At least, at that time had not to be gone.
 My ship unhappily did sail that day,
 And through the blew seas cut her fatal way.
 Unluckily out of my house I did slip,
 When I did go aboard my faintred ship.
 Twice the winds to our sailes contrary were,
 yet now I think on't the winds did stand fair;
 It was a fair wind that did drive me back,
 That my unhappy journey I might slack.
 Would it had been contrary to my mind,
 But tis folly to complain 'gainst the wind;
 For famous Deles I desire to see,
 We thought my ship sail'd slowly under me.
 I chid the Oars because that they did fail,
 And we thought they put out too little sail.
 Having pass'd Tenos, and Andros, the white
 Cliffes of fair Deles came within my sight.
 And to the Isle I said, why do'st me shun?
 Do'st still stote in the Sea, 'las thou hast done!
 I landed when the Sun had run his course,
 And began to unyoke his purple horse.
 Next day when in the East they harnes'd were,
 My mother bid me combe and dress my hair.
 She gave me Rings, my hair with gold she dress'd,
 And put on me apparell of the best.
 To the gods of the Island we did dispense,
 Our gifts, and offered yellow frankincense.
 And while my Mother bedewing with blood
 The smoaking Altar, sacrificing stood;

My

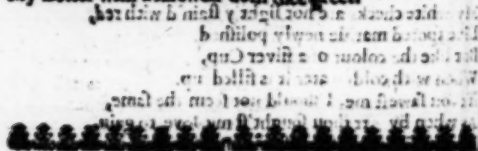
My carefull Nurse led me another way;
 While she, and I through sacred places stray.
 We walk about while we admired there
 The gifts of Kings, and Images there were.
 We admir'd *Apollon's* Altar, and the tree
 That help'd *Leto* in child-delivery.
 And all that had in *Delos* famous been,
 We saw, and more than yet hath mention'd been.
 And here *Aconitas* thou dost cast a look
 On me, conceiving I might be soon took.
 I return'd to *Diana's* Temple that hath
 Fair steps, and what place ought to be more safe;
 Thou threw'st an Apple for me with this verse,
 Which I was ready again to rehearse;
 My Nurse took't up, and wondring, wish'd me
 To read it, so I read thy treachery.
 When to this word of marriage I came,
 I felt that both my cheeks did blush for shame.
 And when my eyes had serv'd thy turn to read
 These lines, I looked down, and hung my head.
 But yet what glory hast thou got thereby?
 To deceive a Maid is no victory.
 I stood not with my Axe and bucler there,
 As *Penthesilea* did at *Troy* appear.
 No gold belt from me thou did'st bear away,
 Like that was taken from *Hippolita*.
 Then why should'st thou rejoyce to have betray'd
 By thy deceitful words a harmlesse Maid?
 An Apple deceiv'd *Atalanta* and *Cydippe*:
 Thou shalt another *Hippomenes* be.
 But if that wanton Boy did thee enflame,
 Whose quiver (thou saist) doth Loves shafts contain;
 Why did'st thou not in honest sort come to me?
 And not strive to deceive me, but to woo me,

why did'st thou not by words thy worth express;
 To gain my love, while thou did'st love profess;
 Why did'st thou seek to compell, not perswade
 My love? by promises on thy part made.
 What doth my former oath now profit thee?
 Though I call'd *Diana* it to testify.
 It is the mind that swears but my tongue went;
 And swore this oath without my mind's consent.
 "An oath should be took with a knowing mind,
 "Therefore a rash oath hath no power to bind.
 If willingly I promis'd unto thee
 Marriage, thou might'st then seek it now of me.
 But if those words I unawares did speak,
 Thou stand'st on words that are but vain and weak.
 I did not swear, therefore thou canst not be,
 By reading those words, a husband unto me.
 If such false oaths to bind effectual were,
 To grow rich in short time thou need'st not fear.
 For all the Kings in the world may resign
 Their right unto thee by reading a line,
 Thou art greater than *Diana* believe me,
 If in thy words so great a power there be,
 yet though my oath, and thy love here I flight,
 And have strongly pleaded, my tale is right.
 yet I confesse I fear *Diana's* wrath,
 Who now I doubt thus me afflicted hath.
 For as oft as I do intend to marry,
 I do fall sick, and so am fere'd to tarry.
 Thrice *Hymen* now unto my bed-side came,
 And finding me sick, he went back again.
 And with his tittie hand he scarce could light
 His Torch, or make it to burn clear, and bright.
 Sometimes with powders he perfumes his hair,
 While he his yellow silken robe doth wear.

But when unto my chamber he doth come,
 And beholds tears, and weeping he is gone.
 He pluck' the Garland from his shining hair,
 And tears the flowers in it placed were.
 Such mourning doth with him so ill agree,
 That his blushing cheeks red as his robe be.
 VVhile a hot teary man torn with me,
 So that I thinke the bed-cloaths heavy be,
 I see my parents for me weep and rage,
 Who am downe with death then marriage.
 O *Dan*! that dost wear thy painted quiver,
 Help me now by thy skill thy brother,
 Since he can cure the sick, then why should I
 To thy disgrace, without thy help be dy'd?
 VVhen thou dost bathe thy self I ne're mistaked
 Like rash *Aesculap* who beheld thee naked.
 On thy altars I have often sacrific'd,
 Thy mother was not by any mother despis'd.
 This only was my fault, that I had leade
 A perjur'd verse; and was thereby deceiv'd.
 Therefore *Asclepius* for my sake now bring
 To *Diana's* altar thy own offering.
 If that the goddess be offended with me,
 Then to be thine; why doth she hinder me?
 For if that she do take away my life,
 Thou canst not hope that I should be thy wife.
 He that should be my Husband, doth not stand
 By my bed, and lift me up with his hand.
 He sits indeed on my beds side, but he
 Attempts no action of immodesty.
 And knows not what to think of me at all,
 When without cause tears from my eyes do fall.
 He seldome doth a kisse to me impart,
 And with a fearfull voyce calls me Sweet-heart.

I wonder my disdain he hath not spy'd,
 For when he comes I turn on my left side.
 I will not speak, but sleep in counterfeit,
 And pull my hand back, when he would take it.
 Then does he fetch a deep sigh, because I
 Am offended with him, he knows not why.
 When as in truth, if I should speak my mind,
 Cause in my sufferings thou dost pleasure find.
 Thou dost desire our anger, who didst see
 Thy cunning toyles, to catch me in thy net,
 Why dost thou write thou wouldst faine visit me?
 Since in thy absence thou hast wounded me.
 Why thou art call'd *Acontius*, I have found,
 Cause like an arrow, thou far off dost wound.
 That wound is not yet healed which no dart,
 But these words I read, gave unto my heart.
 Why should'st thou come and here behold me lie
 The wretched Trophy of thy victory?
 For now my bloodlesse colour don't quite fail,
 And I am like thy Apple wan and pale.
 My white cheeks are not lightly stain'd with red,
 Like spotted marble newly polish'd.
 But like the colour of a silver Cup,
 When with cold water it is filled up.
 If thou sawest me, I should not seem the same,
 When by Art thou sought'st my love to gain.
 And aske the goddesse to be freed from it.
 And thou wilt send me then another line,
 That I may swear that I shall ne're be thine.
 But prether come, since thou desir'st the same,
 And see if thou canst know me now again.
 Though (*Acontius*) thy breast like Iron be,
 Thou would'st pray the goddesse to pardon me.

yet I would have thee know, *dear sister Appoll,*
 To regain health what course I ought to follow;
 And as fame doth report, he answered, I
 Was punish'd for my infidelity;
 And thus the gods in Oracle answer'd me,
 Who to thy desires favourable be
 Whence comes it, but because these cunning Letters
 In the Apples were made, the gods thy debtors?
 Since thou dost rule the gods, thou must rule me,
 And therefore willingly I paid to thee.
 I told my mother how I had betray'd
 My self to thee, at which she was willing'd
 You must converse the rest, for I have done
 Already, I fear, more than doth become
 A Virgin, since in this Letter you see
 I freely do unfold my mind to thee.
 Now my sister, for this is the way of ending,
 And my sick hand is tired with long writing.
 So hoping that we shall together meet,
 My Letter with a farewell kiss I greet.



And when the gods had so decreed,
 That I should be no more a virgin,
 I may now love, as I shall love,
 For I have now come to the point
 Of my first love, and now I see
 That I have not been false to thee,
 For I have now come to the point
 Of my first love, and now I see
 That I have not been false to thee.



The Argument of the poet and the poetess Sappho.

Phas being sometimes a Boatman, When came unto him, and desired to be carried over the water gratis, which he did, not knowing her to be a goddesse, whereupon she gave him a box of oymment, wherewith anoynting himself, he became so beautiful, that all the women in the Isle Lesbos were in love with him, and especially Sappho did impatiensly affect him. But when Phas went to Sicily.

M 3,

Sappho

Scarcely out of the danger of her loves, and fears of his disdain, despairing, she is now resolved to throw her self into the Sea, from *Lucas* a *Proem* of *3 vers.* But yet unconstant to her first resolve, she endeavours by this Epistle to recal him back, and gain his love of which she formerly despaired, and to win him to a dislike of his present estate and manner of life. Lastly, she useth all Arguments that might move him to pity. And in this Epistle Ovid hath most lively exprest the soft and amorous affections of love,

SAPHO to PHAON.

Soon as thou do'st behold my studious hand,
Whence the Letter comes do'st thou understand?
Or unlesse in it thou *Sapho's* name read,
Do'st thou not know from whence it doth proceed?
Thou may'st wonder why I in this verse write
Since I in *Lyrick* numbers do delight.
The weeping Elegy will fitting prove
To sute unto our sad, and mournfull love.
But in light *Lyrick* verses there appears
No doleful harmony, that my true tears.
For as a field of corn on fire, whose flame
The Eastern wind doth blow up, and maintain,
Doth burn apace, being fanned by the wind,
Even so the flame of love doth fire my mind.
Though *Phaon* live near *Aethia* far from me,
My flames of love hotter than *Etna* be.
So that verses to my harpe I cannot set,
"A quiet mind doth verses best beget."
The *Dryads* do not help me at this time,
Nor *Lesbians*, nor *Pierides* Muses nine.
I have *Amthone*, and *Cydus* white,
And *Arctis* is not pleasant in my sight.
And many others that were lov'd of me,
But now I have plac'd all my love on thee.

Thy

Thy youthfull years to pleasure do invite,
 Thy tempting beauty hath betray'd my sight.
 Take a quiver, and thou wilt *Appollo* be;
 Take Horns, and *Bacchus* will be like to thee.
 For lov'd *Daphne*, *Bacchus*, *Arctus*,
 Yet in the Lyrick verse no knowledge hadst thou
 But the Muses dictate unto me smooth rhymes,
 So that the world knows my name and lines.
 Nor hath *Aeneas* for the harp more praise;
 Though he by higher subjects gets his Bayes.
 If nature beauty unto me deny,
 My wit the want of beauty doth supply.
 Though low of stature: yet my fame is tall,
 And high, for through the world 'tis known to all.
 Though for my beauty I have no renown,
Piræus lov'd *Cepheus*, that was brown.
 White Doves do often pair with spotted Doves,
 And the green Parrot the black Turtle loves.
 If thou wilt have a love as fair as thee,
 Thou must have none, for none so fair can be.
 yet once my face did fair to thee appear,
 And that my speech became new, thou didst swear,
 And thou would'st kiss me while that I did sing,
 (For Lovers do remember every thing)
 My kisses, and each part thou didst approve,
 But specially when I did write of love;
 Then I did please thee with my wanton strain,
 With witty words, and with my amorous vain,
 But now the Maids of *Sicily* do please thee,
 Would I might *Leis* change for *Sicily*:
 But take heed *Mexican* now you do
 Receive this wanderer: lest you do rue,
 Lest by his flattering tongue you be betray'd,
 What he says to you, he hath to me said.

O Venus help me now in my distresse;
 Fair goddess, favour now thy Poetesse.
 Will fortune alwayes be to me unkind?
 And will she never change her froward mind;
 For I knew sorrow soon, even when that I
 Was six years old, my father first did dye.
 The love of a whore my brothero're-came,
 On whom he spent his wealth, and lost his fame.
 Being grown poore then unto Sea he went,
 To get by piracy what he had spent.
 And because I did blame his courses, he
 My honest counsell scorn'd, and hate I me.
 And as if these griefes were to light for me;
 you know that I have faulty been with thee.
 And of thee at last I must make complaint,
 Because that I thy company do want.
 In thy absence I do not dress my hair,
 Nor on my fingers any rings do wear.
 A poor and homely weed I do assume;
 Arabian myrrhe doth not my hair perfume.
 Though I did dresse my self for to please thee,
 yet in thy absence why should I dresse me?
 Nature hath given me a hart so soft,
 That love doth with his arrow wound it oft.
 For I am still in love, and I do see,
 That I must alwayes thus in love still be.
 The fatall sisters at my birth decreed
 To spin my life forth with an amorous thred.
 Or else my studies are the cause of it;
 Thalia hath given me a wanton wit.
 Nor can it in love seem so strange a case,
 That I should love thy young effeminate face.
 Lest *Aurora* should love thee I was affraid,
 And so she had but *Cephalus* her staid.

If *Phaëte* should behold thee, she e're long
Would love thee more then her *Endymion*.
And beauteous *Venus* long ago had carried
Thee unto heaven in her Ivory Chariot;
But that the goddesse wisely did foresee,
That *Mars* himself would fall in love with thee.
Such was thy beauty, and thy comely grace,
For in thy youth thou hadst a Virgins face.
Return to me, thou sweetest flower of beauty,
For to love thee, I know it is my duty.
I do not here intreat thee to love me,
But that thou wouldst permit me to love thee,
And while I write, I weep even for thy sake,
And all those blots thou see'st, my tears did make.
Though thou resolvest to go, yet modestly
Might have enforced thee, to take leave of me.
At thy departure thou didst not kisse me,
I fear'd that I should forsaken be.
I had no pledges of thy love, for I
Have nothing of thine but thy injury.
This only charge I would have given to thee,
That thou wouldst not be unmindfull of me.
I swear unto thee, by this love of mine,
And by my goddesses the muses nine.
When they did tell me that thou hadst took ship,
A long time I could neither speak, nor weep.
My heart grew cold, my silent grief was dumb,
Wanting both tears to vent it self, and tongue,
But when my sorrows I more lively felt,
I tore my hair my tears began to melt.
So that to weep I presently began,
Like Mothers at the burial of a son.
My brother laught, and while that he did walk
And strut by me, he thus began to talk.

Alas!

Alas ; why does my loving sister grieve,
 Thou hast no cause, thy Daughter is alive.
 Thus love and shame together ill agree,
 For I had put off now all modesty.
 And in such manner I abroad did rove,
 That the people thereby discerned my love.
 O Phœn, I do dream of thee always,
 Dreams makes the night more pleasant than the days.
 Dreams make thee present though thou absent art,
 But they weak shadows of true joyes impart.
 Sometimes I think that thou embracest me,
 And sometimes I think that I embrace thee.
 That thou dost kisse me, then I do believe,
 With such kisses as thou dost use to give.
 And sometimes in my dream to thee I speak,
 As if my tongue and senses were awake.
 I cannot tell the rest with modesty,
 For methinks I enjoy thy company.
 But when the sun doth rise and break the day,
 I am sad, because my dreams passe away.
 I'me angry that my fancy is no stronger.
 And that my pleasant dream should last no longer.
 Then to the woods and caves I straight way hie.
 Wherein I enjoy'd thy sweet company.
 As if the woods and caves would comfort me,
 Since they witnesses of our pleasure be.
 Like one were mad, or enchanted I flye,
 While my hair doth o're my shoulders loose lie.
 Me thinks the mossie caves do seeme as fair,
 As those which built of costly Marble are.
 I love the vwood, under whose leavie shade,
 VVe oftentimes have both together laid.
 But the vwood seems unpleasant unto me,
 As if it mourned for thy company.

And

And I have often gone unto that place,
Where we have lain together in the grass;
And laid me down again, and with the showers
Of tears have watered the smiling flowers.
The leavelesse trees to mourne do begin
And all the sweet birds have left off to sing.
Only the Nightingale with mournfull song,
In saddest notes bewailes her former wrong.
She laments those sad wrongs she did sustain;
Of thy forsaking me I do complain.
If she sung not, nor I complain'd of thee,
The wood more silent than the night would be.
There is a Fountain that's as clear as glasse,
So that some thought a deity in it was;
O're which a great tree doth extend his boughs,
And soft green grass even round about it grows.
I being weary, by chance I lay down here,
And a Nymph which did to me appear,
Standing before me thus to speak began,
Because thou lov'st, and art not lov'd again;
To *Lentae* go, if that thou wilt have ease,
A promontory that o're-looks the Seas.
Hence *Deucalion* for *Pyrrhus* love
Did throw himself down, and as it did prove,
He had no hurt, but being drenched in
These seas, his love to cool did straight begin.
The vertue in this place remains, make hast,
And from this rock thy self down quickly cast.
Thus having said, she vanished and my tears
Increast, my eyes did overflow with tears.
Fair Nymph I promise thee that I will go,
Enrag'd with love unto that rock you show
Perhaps the light air in her armes will bear me,
I can't be worse, than why should danger fear me?

O love! with thy wings let me be sustain'd,
 Left for my death *Lesbian* seas be blam'd.
 Then unto *Phaon* I'll my Harpe resign,
 And underneath it write this double line;
Sappho O *Phaon* offers unto thee
 Her Harp, which thou lovest, and was lov'd by me.
 If *Phaon* to return to me would please,
 What need I go to the *African* Seas?
 Thou canst do me more good, thee I will follow,
 Thy beauty is such thou art my *Apelle*.
 Or canst thou harder then a hard Rock be,
 And to die in my misery suffer me?
 It were far better sure that I should join,
 In close embraces, my fair breast with thine;
 That breast, O *Phaon*, which thou didst oft praise,
 And which did seem so witty many ways.
 Now I would fain be eloquent, but while
 I strive to write in a more elegant stile;
 My art doth fail, for grief my wit hath spent,
 So that my letter is not eloquent.
 My former vein of writing verse is done,
 My jocund Harp is now grown mute and dumb.
 ye *Lesbian* Nymphs that marriage do desire,
 ye Nymphs so called from the *Lesbian* Lyre,
 ye *Lesbian* Nymphs whose love advanc'd by fate,
 Come not to hear my Harp, or *Lyric* strain.
 For that sweet vein I had in former time,
 My *Phaon* took away who is not mine.
 If you send him back, I should regain it,
 He is my *Genious* that doth give me wit.
 But why with prayers seek I to perswade?
 Can his heard hart with prayers be soft made?
 No, it doth grow more stiffe, and I do find
 That all my words are but like empty wind.

But

But I do wish the winds would bring thee back:
Why to return again, art thou so slack?
I have long lookt for thee, then come away;
VVhy dost thou thus torment me with delay?
VVeigh but thy Anchor, *Venus* will befriend thee
VVith a good voyage, and a fair wind lend thee,
Cupid to steer thy ship too will not fail,
And he will put out, and take in each sail.
But if thou forsake *Lesbian Sappho*, I
Have not deserv'd of thee such cruelty;
And by this Letter I would have thee know,
That I my self into the Sea will throw.

The



Three responsive *Epistles* of
the Poet *Aulus Sabinus* in answer to



The Argument of Sabinus's 3^d Epistle.

V Lyfles having read *Pompeius* Epistle, answereth to all objections, and relates his many troubles which he had valiantly endured. *Typhis* and *Pallas* having instructed him in future events, he prophesieth

pollicent unto her that he will come home to *others* in the habit of a
 beggar. He is not to be so deceived; that *Penthesilea* supposes
 him a beggar after many affronts. But his son *Tethys* and
 two servants helping him, he fell upon them, and slew them all.
 At last his son *Tethys*, whom he had by *Circus*, slew him with a
 poisoned Arrow.

ULISSES to PENELOPE.

UNfortunate *Ulysses* hath from thee,
 Receiv'd thy Letter dear *Penelope*.
 The sight of thy hand and seal, were to me
 A kind of comfort in my misery.
 Thou dost accuse me, that I am to slack
 In returning and coming to thee back.
 I had rather thou shouldst esteem me slow,
 Than that I should let thee my troubles know.
 Greece knew my love unto thee, when I had
 For thy love counterfeited my self mad.
 For such was then the force of my affection,
 That I did counterfeit a fain'd distraction,
 Thou wouldst not have me write, but come away;
 I make hast but cross winds do make me stay.
 Troy with the *Grecian* Maids hate, is defac'd,
 I am not there, for Troy is burnt and raz'd.
Deiphobus, *Paris*; *Hector*, all slain are,
 And all the rest of whom thou standst in fear.
 I scapt the *Trojan* bands when I had slain
Rhesus, and to my Tents return'd again.
 And besides out of *Gallia* Tumble down
 Did take the farall palm of victory.

I was in the *isle* when *Ulysses* arriv'd
Ulysses arriv'd at *Ulysses* arriv'd
Ulysses arriv'd at *Ulysses* arriv'd
Ulysses arriv'd at *Ulysses* arriv'd

Burn it; for in this woodes horse, quoth she,
 The cunning *Grecians* here inclosed be.
 Therefore if you do not this horse destroy,
 It shall be the destruction of *Troy*.
Achilles rites of sepulture did lack,
 Till I brought him to *Thetis* on my back.
 The *Grecians* did my labour for reward,
 I had *Achilles* armour for reward.
 yet I have lost all, for the sea hath swallow'd
 My ships, and all the company me follow'd.
 Onely that constant love I owe to thee,
 Continues with me in adversity.
Scylla and *Charybdis* could not cast away
 My love to thee, which still doth wish me stay.
 Spight of *Antiphates* my love endur'd,
 And though the cunning *Syrens* me allur'd.
 And *Circe*, nor *Calypso* could nor charm me,
 Thy love against their Soveraigies did arm me.
 Both promi'd that they could immortal make
 Me, that I should not fear the *Strygian Lake*.
 For thy sake I their offer did withstand,
 And have suffer'd so much by Sea and Land.
 Perhaps when thou these women's names dost find
 In my Letter, it will trouble thy mind.
 And of *Circe* and *Calypso* to hear,
 Perhaps thou wilt be struck into a fear.
 When I in thy letter answered,
Polybus and *Medon*, they thy fear breed.
 Since thou so many youthful suitors hast,
 How could I think that thou remainest chaste.
 Could thy delight in they tear blubber'd face?
 Do not thy tears thy beauty yet debas?
 And it seems thou hast given consent to marry,
 But thy unthriving web doth make them tarry.

For that which thou hast in the day time spun,
 thou unweav'st at night, so 'tis never done.
 Thy Art is good which doth successfull prove,
 To delude their purpose, delay their love.
 O Polyphemus; I do wish that I
 Had dy'd in thy Cave free from misery.
 Would I had been by the *Thracian* slain,
 When my ships unto *Imbrus* first came.
 Would cruel *Philo* then had satisfied
 His wrath on me, I would that I had dy'd,
 When I descended to the Stygian Lake,
 From thence in safety I returned back.
 For though in thy Letters no dread appear,
 I saw my mothers thin ghost walking there.
 She told me how at home all matters be,
 And to shun my embraces thrice fled me.
 I saw *Protesilaus*, who fate-contemning,
 With his death gave the *Trojan* wars beginning.
 And his wife *Leodamia*, who did dye
 That she might bear her husband company.
 I saw *Agamemnon* ex, whose wounds bleeding were,
 So that the sight made me let fall a tear.
 He had no hurt at *Troy*, and also past
 The *Euboean* Promontory, yet at last
 Having a thousand wounds given him, he dies
 Even then when he to *Jove* did sacrifice.
 Thus *Helen* the Grecians ruin bred,
 While she to *Troy* a stranger so loved.
 Besides, what profit was it unto me,
Cassandra were captives and *Andromache*?
 I could have chosen *Hecuba* for my wife,
 Think not that with a whoe I spend my life.
 For I brought *Hecuba* aboard my ship,
 But she out of her former shape did slip.

Fer into a Bitch she was straight transform'd,
 And her complaints were into barking turn'd.
Thetis grew angry at these Progedies,
 And enrag'd, *Aeolus* made a storm to rise;
 So that with wind and waves our ships did strive,
 Which tempest round about the world did drive.
 But if *Tyresias* truly foretold me
 A prosperous fate after adversity;
 Having endur'd so much by land and sea,
 I hope my fortunes will more kinder be.
 Now *Pallas* doth protect us from all dangers,
 And guides us in our journey amongst strangers,
 Since *Troy*'s destruction I have *Pallas* seen
 Of late so that her anger speak doth seem,
 And whatsoever *Ajax* did commit,
 The Grecians now are punished for it.
 Nor was *Tydid* too excus'd from danger;
 For he like us about the world doth wander.
 Nor *Teucer* that from *Telamon* first sprung,
 Nor he that with a thousand ships did come.
Menelaus was happy, for having got
 His wife, he need fear no unhappy lot.
 Though the winds or seas did your journey stay,
 Your love was not hindred by that delay.
 The winds nor waves did not hinder your blisse,
 But when you list you could embrace and kisse.
 And had I so enjoy'd thy company,
 No evil chance could then betide to me.
 But since *Telemachus* is well I hear,
 My present troubles I more lightly bear.
 I blame thy love in sending him to sea,
 Through *Sparte*, and in *Pylus* to seek me,
 I needs mu't blame thy love in doing it,
 While to the Sea thou didst my Son commit.

But fortune may at last yet prove my friendly,
 And all my troubles may have a fair end.
 A Prophet told me, dear wife, we should meet;
 And with embraces should each other greet.
 But I will come disguis'd, so as be known
 Unto no other but thy self alone.
 In a beggers habit I'll disguis'd be,
 Conceale thy joy, and knowledg then of me.
 I'll shew no outward violence when I come
 For so *Apoll's* Priest, unto me sung.
 But I'll revenge my self even at that time
 When thy wooers are banqueting with wine.
 While beggers rayment doth *Vest*es cover,
 And then at last myself I will discover.
 While at *Vest*es they shall all admire,
 That th's day would come soon I do desire.
 That we may both *dear wife* renew our love,
 And I to thee may a kind husband prove.



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The Argument of Sabinus. Second Edition.

Demophilus in this Epistle endeavours by divers Arguments to
 excuse his, unfavourable neglect of returning to *Phyllis* according
 to his promise. Alleging that his friends were offended with him
 for staying so long with her in *Thrace*, and also the importance
 and seasonableness of the weather for sailing, promising however at

at length to return to *Phyllis*. He performed his promise, but *Phyllis* impatient of delay, had strangled her self before he came, and by the mercy of the gods was changed into a leaselesse Almond tree, which *Demophoon* embracing, it put forth leaves as if it had been sensible of his return. Which is said, because *Phyllis* signifies in Greek an Almond tree, so expressing the name of *Phyllis*. Because when *Zephyrus* or the West wind bloweth from *Africa* into *Thrace*, this Tree flourisheth, for *Zephyrus* signifies as much as, *Ζεφύρος*, that is, The life bringer. which gave occasion to this fiction, that *Phyllis* transformed into a Tree, seemed to rejoyce, and flourish, at the return of her Lover.

DEMOPHOON to PHYLIS.

FROM his own Country to *Phyllis* his friend,
Demophoon doth this his Letter send.
 Ev'n thy *Demochon* that doth still love thee,
 My fortunes chang'd, but not my constancy.
 Theseus who's name thou hast no cause to fear,
 Thy flame of love for his sake worthy were.
 Menestheus drove out of his royal state,
 And the old Tyrant is now dead of late.
 He that the *Amazons* had overcome,
 And unto *Hercules* was companion.
 He that did *Minus* son in law become,
 When he the *Minotaur* had overthrow'n.
 He did accuse me because I did stay,
 Trifling so long with thee in *Thracia*
 For while the love of *Phyllis* did detain thee.
 And that a foreign beauty did enflame thee.
 Time with a nimble pace did slip away,
 And sad accidents hapned by thy delay.
 Which had been all prevented, hadst thou come.
 Or hadst thou made them void, when they were d.
 When thou didst *Phyllis* kingdome love, for she
 Then a who'e kingdome was dearer to thee.

From

From *Arbamus* I this same chiding have,
 And old *Eshra* who's halfe within her grave.
 Since *Thesens* is not their to close their eyes,
 The fault on me for staying with thee lyes.
 I confesse they both to me often cry'd,
 VVhen my ship did in *Tibracian* waters ride.
 The winos stand faire *Demophoon*, why dost stay?
 Go home *Demophoon* without delay.
 From thy beloved *Phyllis* example take,
 She loves thee, yet her home she'll not forsake.
 She desires not to bear thee company,
 But to return again entreateth thee.
 I with a silent patience heard them chide,
 But their desire I in my thoughts deny'd.
 I thought I could not imbrace thee enough,
 And I was glad to see the sea grow rough.
 Before my father I will this confesse,
 "He that loves worthily may it professe.
 For since such store of worth remains in thee,
 If I do love thee it no shame can be.
 And I do know that *Phyllis* cannot say,
 I prov'd unkin'd, when I did sail away.
 For when the day came that I must take ship;
 I wept, and comforted thee who did'st weep.
 Thou didst grant me a ship of *Tibracia*,
 VVhile *Phyllis* love made me the time delay.
 Besides my father *Thesens* doth retain
Ariadnes love and cherishes that flame;
 VVhen he looks towards heaven many times,
 See how my love (saith he) in heaven shines.
 Though *Bacchus* so forsake her did commend him,
 The world for forsaking her, hath blam'd him.
 So am I perjur'd thought for my delay, I
 Though *Phyllis* know not the cause of my stay.

at length to return to *Phyllis*. He performed his promise, but *Phyllis* impatient of delay, had strangled her self before he came, and by the mercy of the gods was changed into a leaflesse Almond tree, which *Demophoon* embracing, it put forth leaves as if it had been sensible of his return. Which is said, because *Phyllis* signifies in Greek an Almonds tree, so expressing the name of *Phyllis*. Because when *Zephyrus* or the West wind bloweth from *Africa* into *Thrace*, this Tree flourisheth, for *Zephyrus* signifies as much as, *Ζανπός*, that is, The life bringer - which gave occasion to this fiction, that *Phyllis* transformed into a Tree, seemed to rejoyce, and flourish, at the return of her Lover.

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Demophoon doth this his Letter send.
 Ev'n thy *Gambol* on that doth still love thee,
 My fortunes chang'd, but not my constancy.
 Theseus who'e name thou hast no cause to fear,
 Thy flame of love for his sake worthy were.
 Menellæus drove out of his royal state,
 And the old Tyrant is now dead of late.
 He that the *Amazons* had overcome,
 And unto *Hercules* was companion.
 He that did *Alexis*'s son in law become,
 When he the *Minotaur* had overthrow'n.
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 For while the love of *Phyllis* did detain thee.
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 Which had been all prevented, hadst thou come.
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 Then a who'e kingdome was dearer to thee.

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From *Arbamas* I this same chiding have,
 And old *Esther* who's halfe within her grave.
 Since *Thersites* is not their to close their eyes,
 The fault on me for staying with thee lyes.
 I confesse they both to me often cry'd,
 VVhen my ship did in *Tiberian* waters ride.
 The winos stand faire *Demophoon*, why dost stay?
 Go home *Demophoon* without delay.
 From thy beloved *Phyllis* example take,
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 She desires not to bear thee company,
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 For when the day came that I must take ship;
 I weep't, and comforted thee who did'st weep.
 Thou didst grant me a ship of *Tiberia*,
 VVhile *Phyllis* love made me the time delay.
 Besides my father *Thersites* doth retain
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 VVhen he looks towards heaven many times,
 See how my love (saith he) in heaven shines.
 Though *Bacchus* to forsake her did commend him,
 The world for forsaking her, hath blam'd him.
 So am I perjur'd thought for my delay, |
 Though *Phyllis* know not the cause of my stay.

This may assure thee I will come again,
 Because my breast doth burn with no new flame.
Phyllis, hath not report of thee made known,
 What dismall troubles art sprung up at home?
 Since for my fathers death I a mourner am,
 Whose death includes more grief then I can name,
 My brother *Hippolitus* deserves a tear,
 Whom his own horses did in pieces tear.
 These fatall causes might excuse my stay,
 yet after a while I will come away.
 I will but say my Father is in the grave,
 For 'tis fit he should worthy burial have.
 Grant me but time and I will constant be,
 Thy Country yields must safety unto me.
 To those that since the fall of *Troy* did wander
 By land and sea, and pass'd through much danger,
Torace hath been kind; and I unto this Land
 By tempest drove, was kindly entertain'd.
 If that thy love to me remain the same,
 Who in my royal Palace now do reign,
 And art not Angry with my parents fate,
 Or with *Diosphoon* such unfortunate.
 Suppose that unto me thou hadst been married
 When at the siege of *Troy* ten years I tarried.
Penelope through all the world is faine'd
 Because that she her chastity maintain'd.
 For she with witty *Art*, did alwayes w ave
 An unthriving web, fithers to deceive.
 For she by night did it in pieces pull,
 Resolving the unwitted threads to wolt.
 Do'st fear the *Toracians* will not marry thee,
 Or wilt thou marry any one but me?
 Hast thou a heart with any one to join
 Thy hand, unlike thy hand do join with mine,

How

How wilt thou blush then, and how wilt thou grieve,
When a far off thou shalt my sailes perceive;
Thou wilt condemn thy self, and say alas;
I see *Demophoon* most faithful was.
Demophoon is return'd, and for my sake,
A dangerous voyage he by sea did make
I that for breach of faith him rashly blamed,
Have broke my faith, while I of him complained.
But *Phyllis* I had rather thou should'st marry,
Then that thou should'st some other way miscarry.
Why dost thou threaten thou wilt make away
Thy self? the gods may hear when thou dost pray.
Though thou do'st blame me for inconstancy,
Add not affliction to my misery.
Though *Theseus* *Ariadne* did forsake,
Where he wild beasts a prey of her might make;
Yet my desert hath not been such, that I
Should be accused of inconstancy,
This Letter may the winds wit out all sail
Bring safe to thee, which us'd to drive my sail,
Perswade thy self, I fain would come away,
But that I have just cause a while to stay.



The Argument of Sabinus third Epistle.

THis responsive Epistle written by *Paris* is not difficult, for the Argument is taken out of *Oenone's* Epistle. *Paris* having violat'd the rites of marriage, by repudiating his wife, and marrying *Helena* first confesses to *Oenone* the injury he had done her. After ward excusing himself, he transfers the blame on *Cupid*, whose power Lovers cannot resist, and on the fate who had destin'd *Helena*

Helena to him unknown. But it is reported that *Oenone* did love *Paris* so dearly, that he being brought so her wounded by *Philoctetes* with one of *Hercules* arrows, she embraced his body, and embalming it with tears dyed over him, and so they were both buried in *Cabesa* a *Trojan* City.

PARIS to OENONE.

Nymph, I confesse that I fit words do want,
 To write an answer to thy just complaint.
 I seek for words, but yet I cannot find,
 Words, that my apely suite unto my mind.
 I confesse against thee I have offended,
 yet *Helena* love makes me I cannot mend it.
 I'll condemn my self, but what doth it avail;
 The power of love makes a bad cause prevail
 For though thou should'st condemn me, and my cause,
 yet *Cupid* means to try me by his lawes.
 And if by his lawes we will judged be,
 It seems another hath more right to me.
 Thou wert my first love I confesse in truth,
 And I marri'd thee in my flowre of youth.
 Of my father *Priam* I was not proud,
 As thou do'st write, but unto thee I bow'd.
 I did not think *Hector* should prove my brother,
 When thee and I did keep our flocks together.
 I knew not my mother *Queen Hecuba*
 Whose Daughter thou most worthy art to be,
 But love, I see, is not guided by reason,
 Consider with thy self at this same season
 For thou complain'st that I have wrorged thee,
 And yet thou writest that thou lovest me.
 And though the *Sirens* and the *Fawns* do move thee,
 yet thou remainest constant still unto me

Besides, this love is fatal unto me,
 My Sister *Cassandra* did it foresee;
 Before that I had heard of *Helens* name,
 Whose beauty through all *Greece* was known by fame.
 I have told all unless it be that wound,
 Of love which I have by her beauty found.
 Nay those wounds I will open, and from you
 To gain some help, I will both beg and sue.
 My life and death are both within thy hand,
 you have conquer'd me, I'm at your command.
 yet I remember that when you heard me,
 Relate to you her di mal prophesie.
 While I did tell thee, thou didst weep upon me,
 Wishing the gods would turn that sad fate upon me.
 That thou might'st have no cause to accuse
 when that *Oeneas* doth *Prius* lose.
 Love blinded me, that I could not believe thee,
 And loving thee doth make me now deceive thee.
 Love powerful is, and when he list can turn
Jove to a bull, or to a Bird transforme.
 Such beauty all the world should not contain,
 As *Helen*, who is born to be my flame.
 Since *Jupiter* to disguise his loose scape
 Did transforme himself unto a swans shape;
 And *Jove* also descended from his Tower,
 To court fair *Danae* in a golden shewre.
 Sometimes himself he to an Eagle turn'd,
 And sometimes to a white Bull hath transform'd.
 And who would think that *Hercules* would spin,
 yet love of *Dianira* compell'd him.
 And he wore her figh Peticote 'tis said,
 While his love with his Lions skin was clad.
 So I remember love compelled thee,
 (The more's my fault) that thou preferredst me,

Before

Before *Apollon* love, and from him fled,
 Because thou would'st possess my marriage bed.
 Yet I excel'd not *Phæbus*, but the dart
 Of Love did so inforce thy gentle heart.
 yet this may unto thee some comfort prove,
 That she is no base Harlot whom I love,
 For she whom I before thee do prefer
 By birth is descended from *Jupiter*.
 yet her birth doth not inamour'd make me,
 But 'tis her matchless beauty that doth take me.
 O my *Oenone*! I do wish it still,
 I had not been on the *Idian* Hill
 A judge of beauty. *Pallas* now doth grudge.
 And *Juno*, because against them I did judge.
 And because I did lovely *Venus* praise,
 And for her beauty gave to her the Bayes.
 She that can raise loves flame up in another,
 She that rules *Cupid*, and is his own Mother.
 yet she could not avoid her own Sons shaft
 And Bow, wherewith he wounded others oft.
 For *Vulcan* took fair *Venus* close in bed
 With *Mars*, which by the gods was witnessed.
 And *Mars* again she afterward forlook,
 And for her *Paramour Anchises* took.
 For with *Anchises* she in love would be,
 And did revenge his sloath in venery.
 If *Venus* thus did in affection rove,
 Why may not she make *Paris* change his love?
Menelaus with her fair face was took,
 I lov'd her, before on her I did lock.
 Though wars ensue, if I do her enjoy,
 And a thousand ships fetch her back from *Troy*;
 I do not fear the war is just and right,
 If all the world should for her beauty fight.

Though

Although the armed *Grecians* ready be,
To fetch her back, I'll keep her here with me.
If thou hast any hope to change my mind,
To use thy charmes why art thou not inclin'd?
Since in *Apollo's* Arts thou art well seen,
And to *Hecates* skill hast used been.
Thou canst c'loud the day, and stars shining clear,
And make the Moon forsake her silver sphere;
And by thy charmes, while I did Oxen keep.
Fierce Lyons gent y wa k't among the sheep.
Thou didst make *Xanthus*, and *Simoes* flow
Unto their springs, and back again to go.
And charm'dst other Rivers, when, thou didst see,
They thirsted after thy Virginini y.
Oenone, let thy charmes effectual prove,
To change my affection, or quench thy love.

Books

Bookes Printed for *William Gilbertson*, one is from
the sign of the Bible in *Gilt-spur-street*, new *Pharm*
without *Newgate*. *a Quack*

THe Faithfull *Analist* or an Epitome of the
English History, giving a true account of
the Affairs of this Nation, from the building of
the Tower of *London* in the dayes of *William*
the Conqueror; to the Restoring of our Gra-
cious King *Charles* the Second, where in all
things remarkable both by Sea and Land, from
the year, 1069. to the year. 1660 are truly and
exactly represented.

The Rich *Cabinet*; with variety of Inven-
tions: unlocked and opened, for the recreation
of Ingenious spirits at their vacant hours; also
variety of Recreative fire-works; both for Land,
Air, and Water, whereunto is added Divers
Experiments, in Drawing, Painting, Arithme-
tick, &c.

The History of *Parismus*, and *Parismenus*.

The History of *Ornatius* and *Artesia*.

The History of Dr. *John Faustus*. the first and
second part.

The History of the *Gemle Craft*. the second
part shewing what famous men have been
Shoo-makers

Justin in Lattin. Also *Justin* in *English*.
Translated out of the four and forty books of
Trogus

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Books Printed for William Gilbertson, &c.
Trojan Pompeius containing the Affairs of all
ages and Countreys both in peace and war from
the beginning of the world till the time of the
Roman Emperors together with an Epitome
of the lives and Manners, Fitting to be used in
Schools for the benefit of youth.

The Government of Cattle by *Leonard Mascall*
Chief Parier to King James.

The Surveyors Perambulator. A new book of
Surveying of Land.

P L A Y S.

Ignoramus.

Dr. Faustus.

The Valiant Welchman.

*Fair EM the Millers Daughter of Man-
chester.*

GUY of Warwick.

Lady Alimony.

The Merry Devil of Edmonton.

*The Shoe-makers Holiday, or the Gentle-
Craft.*

F I N I S.

There are two Instances in Love. one is from
The Eternal Discoveries we make of new Charms
In y^e object Belov'd, y^e other is from a Punctilio
Of Honour not to be inconstant

That which makes a Lover & his Mistress
Never weary of Being Together is Because They
are still speaking of themselves, & still good
of themselves

There is no Praise so great as what we give to
Prudence; yet great as its virtue is it cannot assure
us of a just moderation & Quiescence in our
Temper. Because tis apply'd to man who is the
most inconstant thing in Nature
I am Malice & I amour

Widow's Mass (C)

1068 9 30

2



London. printed for W. Gilbertson, at the Bible in Gold.

But fortune may at last yet prove my friend,
 And all my troubles may have a fair end.
 A Prophet told me, dear wife, we should meet,
 And with embraces should each other greet.
 But I will come disguis'd, so to be known
 Unto no other but thy self alone.
 In a beggers habir I'll disguis'd be,
 Conceale thy joy, and knowledge then of me.
 I'll shew no outward violence when I come
 For so *Apollus* Priest unto me sung.
 But I'll revenge my self even at that time
 When thy wooers are banqueting with wine.
 While beggers rayment doth *Vestres* cover.
 And then at last my self I will discover.
 While at *Vestres* they shall all admire.
 That th's day would come soon I do desire.
 That we may both dear wife, renew our love,
 And I to thee may a kind husband prove.





The Argument of Sabinus seu: Epistle. 2.

Demosthenes in this Epistle endeavours by divers Arguments to excuse his unfaithfull neglect of returning to *Phyllis* according to his promise. Alleging that his friends were offended with him for staying so long with her in *Thrace*, and also the importune unreasonable of the weather for sailing, promising howsoever

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 When thou didst *Phyllis* kingdome love, for she
 Then a whole kingdome was dearer to thee.

From

From *Arbamus* I this same chiding have,
 And old *Ebyra* who's halfe within her grave,
 Since *Theseus* is not their to close their eyes,
 The fault on me for staying with thee lies.
 I confesse they both to me often cry'd,
 VVhen my ship did in *Tbracien* waters ride.
 The win's stand faire *Demophoon*, why dost stay?
 Go home *Demophoon* without delay.
 From thy beloved *Phyllis* example take,
 She loves thee, yet her home she'll not forsake.
 She desires not to bear thee company,
 But to return againe and catech thee.
 I with a silent patience heard them chide,
 But their desire I in my thoughts deny'd.
 I thought I could not imbrace thee enough,
 And I was glad to see the sea grow rough.
 Before my father I will this confesse,
 "He that loves worthily may it professe.
 For since such store of worth remains in thee,
 If I do love thee it no shame can be.
 And I do know that *Phyllis* cannot say,
 I prov'd unkin'd, when I did sail away.
 For when the day came that I must take ship,
 I weep't, and comforted thee who did'st weep.
 Thou didst grant me a ship of *Tbracia*,
 VVhile *Phyllis* love made me the time delay.
 Besides my father *Theseus* doth retain
Ariadnes love and cherishes that flame;
 VVhen he looks towards heaven many times,
 See how my love (saith he) in heaven shines.
 Though *Bacchus* to forsake her did commend him,
 The world for forsaking her, hath blam'd him.
 So am I perjur'd thought for my delay,
 Though *Phyllis* know not the cause of my stay.

This may assure thee I will come again,
 Because my breast doth burn with no new flame.
 Phyllis, hath not report to thee made known,
 What dismall troubles are sprung up at home?
 Since for my fathers death I a mourner am,
 Whose death includes more grief then I can name,
 My brother *Hippolytus* deserves a tear,
 Whom his own horses did in pieces tear.
 These fatall causes might excuse my stay,
 yet after a while I will come away.
 I will but lay my Father in the grave,
 For 'tis his he should worthy burial have.
 Grant me but time and I will constant be,
 Thy Country yields most safety unto me.
 To those that since the fall of Troy did wander
 By land and sea, and pass'd through much danger,
Torace hath been kind, and I unto this Land
 By tempest drove, was kindly entertain'd.
 If that thy love to me remain the same,
 Who in my royal Palace now do reign.
 And art not Angry with my parents fate,
 Or with *Daphne* most unfortunate.
 Suppose that unto me thou hadst been married
 When at the siege of Troy ten years I tarried.
Penelope through all the world is fam'd
 Because that she her chastity maintain'd.
 For she with witty Art, did alwayes weave
 An unshriving web, fitters to deceive.
 For she by night did it in pieces pull,
 Resolving the unwilful threads to wull.
 Do'st fear the *Toracans* will not marry thee,
 Or wilt thou marry any one but me?
 Hast thou a heart with any one to join
 Thy hand, unlike thy hand do join with mine;

How

How wilt thou blush then, and how wilt thou grieve,
 When a far off thou shalt my sailes perceive;
 Thou wilt condemn thy self, and say alas;
 I see Demophoen most faithful was.
 Demophoen is return'd, and for my sake,
 A dangerous voyage he by sea did make
 I that for breach of faith him rashly blamed,
 Have broke my faith, while I of him complained.
 But Phyllis I had rather thou should'st marry,
 Then that thou should'st some other way miscarry.
 Why dost thou threaten thou wilt make away
 Thy self? the gods may hear when thou dost pray.
 Though thou do'st blame me for inconstancy,
 Add not affliction to my misery.
 Though Theseus Ariadne did forsake,
 Where the wild beasts a prey of her might make;
 Yet my desert hath not been such, that I
 Should be accused of inconstancy,
 This Letter may the winds without all fail
 Bring safe to thee, which us'd to drive my sail,
 Perswade thy self, I fain would come away,
 But that I have just cause a while to stay.



The Argument of Sabine's third Epistle.

THis responsive Epistle written by Paris is not difficult, for the Argument is taken out of *Oenone's* Epistle. Paris having violated the rites of marriage, by repudiating his wife, and marrying *Helena* first confesses to *Oenone* the injury he had done her. After ward excusing himself, he transfereth the blame on Cupid, whose power Lovers cannot resist, and on the fate who had destined *Helena*

Helena to him unknown. But tis reported that *Oenone* did love *Paris* so dearly, that he being brought to her wounded by *Philoctetes* with one of *Hercules* arrowes, she smothered his body, and embalming it with tears, dyed over him, and so they were both buried in *Cyprus* in *Trojan* City.

PARIS to OENONE.

Nymph, I confesse that I fit words do want,
To write an answer to thy just complaint.
I seek for words, but yet I cannot find,
VVords, that my aptly suite unto my mind.
I confesse against thee I have offended,
yet *Helen*s love makes me I cannot mend it.
I'lle condemn my self, but what doth it avail;
The power of love makes a bad cause prevail
For though thou should'st condemn me, and my cause,
yet *Cupid* means to try me by his lawes.
And if by his lawes we will judged be,
It seems another hath more right to me.
Thou wert my first love I confesse in truth,
And I marri'd thee in my flowre of youth,
Of my father *Priam* I was not proud,
As thou do'st write, but unto thee I bow'd.
I did not think *Helen* should prove my brother,
VVhen thee and I did keep our flock's together.
I knew not my mother *Queen Hecabe*
VVhole Daughter thou most worthy art to be,
But love, I see, is not guided by reason,
Consider with thy self at this same season
For thou complain'st that I have wrorgerd thee,
And yet thou writest that thou lovest me.
And though the *Stryes* and the *Fawns* do move thee,
yet thou remainest constant still unto me

Besides, this love is fatal unto me,
 My Sister *Cassandra* did it foresee;
 Before that I had heard of *Hel'ens* name,
 Whose beauty through all *Greece* was known by fame.
 I have told all unless it be that wound,
 Of love which I have by her beauty found.
 Nay those wounds I will open, and from you
 To gain some help, I will both beg and sue.
 My life and death are both within thy hand,
 you have conquer'd me, I'm at your command.
 yet I remember that when you heard me,
 Relate to you her dismal prophesie.
 While I did tell thee, thou didst weep upon me,
 Wishing the gods would turn that sad fate upon me,
 That thou might'st have no cause to accuse
 when that *O none* doth *Pis* lose.
 Love blinded me, that I could not believe thee,
 And loving thee doth make me now deceive thee.
 Love powerful is, and when he list can turn
Jove to a bull, or to a Bird transforme.
 Such beauty all the world should not contain,
 As *Helen*, who is born to be my flame.
 Since *Jupiter* to disguise his loose scape
 Did transforme himself unto a Swans shape;
 And *Jove* also descended from his Tower,
 To court fair *Danae* in a golden showre.
 Sometimes himself he to an Eagle turn'd,
 And sometimes to a white Bull hath transform'd.
 And who would think that *Hercules* would spin,
 yet love of *Deianira* compell'd him.
 And he wore her light Petticoate 'tis said,
 While his love with his Lions skin was clad,
 So I remember love compelled thee,
 (The more's my fault) that thou preferredst me,

Before

Before *Apollo's* love, and from him fled,
 Because thou would'st possess my marriage bed.
 Yet I excel'd not *Phœbus*, but the dart
 Of Love did so enforce thy gentle heart.
 yet this may unto thee some comfort prove,
 That she is no base Harlot whom I love,
 For she whom I before thee do prefer
 By birth is descended from *Jupiter*.
 yet her birth doth not inamour'd make me,
 But 'tis her matchlesse beauty that doth take me.
 O my *Oenone* ! I do wish it still,
 I had not been on the *Idæan* Hill.
 A judge of beauty, *Pallas* now doth grudge.
 And *Juno*, because against them I did judge.
 And because I did lovely *Venus* praise,
 And for her beauty gave to her the Bayes.
 She that can raise loves flame up in another,
 She that rules *Cupid*, and is his own Mother.
 yet she could not avoid her own Sons shaft
 And Bow, wherewith he wounded others oft.
 For *Vulcan* took fair *Venus* close in bed
 With *Mars*, which by the gods was witnessed.
 And *Mars* again she afterward forlook,
 And for her *Paramour Anchises* took.
 For with *Anchises* she in love would be,
 And did revenge his sloath in venery.
 If *Venus* thus did in affection rove,
 Why may not she make *Paris* change his love?
Menelaus with her fair face was took,
 I lov'd her, before on her I did look.
 Though wars ensue, if I do her enjoy,
 And a thousand ships fetch her back from *Troy*;
 I do not fear the war is just and right,
 If all the world should for her beauty fight.

Though

Although the armed *Grecians* ready be,
To fetch her back, I'll keep her here with me.
If thou hast any hope to change my mind,
To use thy charms why art thou not inclin'd?
Since in *Apollo's* Arts thou art well seen,
And to *Hecate's* skill hast used been.
Thou canst cloud the day, and stars shining clear;
And make the Moon forsake her silver sphere;
And by thy charms, while I did Oxen keep,
Fierce Lyons gent y wa k't among the sheep.
Thou didst make *Xanthus*, and *Simoes* flow
Unto their springs, and back again to go.
And charm'dst other Rivers, when, thou didst see,
They thirsted after thy Virginini y.
Oenone, let thy charms effectual prove,
To change my affection, or quench thy love.

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